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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES OF PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT
Brilliant British Artist

By Fred Dickenson

A VISION in shimmering white, the lovely girl moved down the staircase. Her movements seemed timed to the lilt of the orchestra, her golden hair gleamed in the light of the great chandeliers.

Dancers slowed. Heads turned. Eyes above fans and eyes behind monocles watched her approach.

Lady Diana Manners was 21 years old, and in 1914 many people in England were eager to turn their backs to the prospect of war and gaze upon her instead.

One man appeared especially enraptured. Count Manuel Antonio Luzarraga of Spain was 38, single and wealthy. The look which he bestowed upon Lady Diana at that moment must surely have ranked with that of Romeo when the lover sighed, "It is my lady: O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were!"

For others at the ball, the rapturous moment passed.

For the dazed Count, that moment of wonder was never to end in this life. It was a moment destined to become 32 devoted years, a moment worth at least \$200,000.

That is the sum willed recently to Lady Diana by her life-long admirer. As London and Continental barristers move to transfer the estate, there now emerges one of the most curious love stories of modern times.

Count Luzarraga died in Geneva, Switzerland, in February, 1946, at the age of 70. But it was not until a short time ago that his will was probated in London. It revealed that he had left his English estate valued at upwards of 25,000 pounds (\$100,000) to the object of his adoration who is now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper.

Also, he left to her "whatever I may possess at the Banque Cantonale Vaudoise, Lausanne." It is estimated that a similar amount reposes there.

The announcement sent foreign society and news reporters delving into dusty records. They found an appealing story of worship from afar.

While the smiling Diana danced away that night in 1914, the stunned Count seemingly was already too far gone to effect an introduction. Since he was a punctilious Spaniard of the traditional grandee type, he could not otherwise speak to her. He toasted her from his lonely corner.

The next day, Lady Diana received a gorgeous basket of flowers. In it was a warm but unsigned note.

Lady Diana, daughter of the Duke

and Duchess of Rutland, was already famous as the loveliest girl in Britain. She had accepted several parts on the stage and her admirers were legion. The flowers and anonymous notes were merely part of a fragrant flood.

In 1919, Diana married handsome Alfred Duff-Cooper, a captain of the Grenadier Guards, destined to become a cabinet member and present British Ambassador to France.

Philosophically, her other suitors ceased their floral and written attentions. But Count Luzarraga was stung to frantic activity. Flowers arrived in relays. Now he signed his notes. The newlyweds returned all.

After three more years of homage, Lady Diana spoke to the police.

A representative of Scotland Yard called upon Count Luzarraga at his hotel. He suggested that it was slightly irregular to pay such suit to a married woman.

Count Luzarraga had never been fiery. Now, in his mid-forties, his mustache was beginning to droop with his shoulders. But something of the old light came to his eyes as he gazed out the window and told his visitor:

"I admire this lady, for she is so beautiful. I have known her, at a distance, for many years. But let us say that it is not love that I have for her—just high esteem."

"As for my letters, I can only say that they are couched in the most discreet language. I merely want to express my admiration of her beauty, and my esteem for her wonderful character. To talk of mere love under such conditions is to belittle me and my intentions."

Though there were no grounds for expulsion of the Count from the country, he was persuaded to take a year's holiday abroad.

Lady Diana undertook more stage roles and in 1924 toured the United States as the Madonna in Reinhardt's production of "The Miracle."

An occasional note and flowers again began to arrive at her door from Count Luzarraga. Now she apparently sighed in resignation, sent the flowers on to hospitals and ignored the notes.

One thrilling moment still remained for the devoted nobleman. On a sunny afternoon in 1932, the Count and Lady Diana came face to face outside a London jewelry shop.

Sweeping off his hat with a low bow, the Count offered to take her into the shop and buy her anything



ENDLESS LOVE OF THE *Distant Count*



Lovely Lady Diana Manners Was a Vision in White and Gold as She Moved Slowly Down the Staircase. One Man, Spanish Count Manuel Antonio Luzarraga, Appeared Especially Enraptured at the Sight of Her.

she desired—"as another token of my esteem."

Lady Diana looked past him and hurried to her car. It was their only meeting. Count Luzarraga never gave up. He wrote until his death.

At 54, Lady Diana is still attractive. Busy with social affairs and as hostess at the embassy in Paris, she has little time to reminisce on the marathon tribute which began at her first debutante ball.

"Yes," she said, "I heard about this money which is supposedly left to me. But I rather expect that death duties and other claims on the estate will take it all."

"It is a queer business altogether. Of course the Count wrote to me for years, long before he saw me close enough to talk on that one occasion in 1932."

"It has all been something of a nuisance. I have never been interested in him and if any money comes from his estate I shall consider whether I shall accept it. But until I know something more definite, what is the good of making plans, or building castles in the air?"

Count Luzarraga could have explained about castles like that. He might have explained that they can be wonderfully enduring, and house forever a beauty with golden hair.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"What kind of neighborhood do you DUZ people live in?" Writes Mrs. Charles Crawford of Bluefield, W. Va.



"Don't you wear anything but towels, overalls and undies?"

"That's all your ads **ever** mention. And everybody knows **DUZ** gets towels dazzling white, cleans grimy work clothes in a jiffy. Yes **DUZ** is

actually safer for pretty undies than any other 'big-name' package soap I've used in my wash. So, come on! Tell your readers all the things **DUZ** does.



"Don't the menfolks wear shirts?"

"I bet they do! So, why not tell them that **DUZ** gets dirt and perspiration out lightning fast, specially around collars and cuffs. And that **DUZ**-white handkerchiefs are a joy to see.

"Don't your kids romp on bedspreads?"

"Well, how about letting their mothers know that a dip in **DUZ** suds gets those spreads spanking clean, while their colors stay bright as a new penny!



"Don't the womenfolks use slip covers?"

"Everybody in my bridge club does. And when they all want to know how I keep mine so bright and fresh I say: '**DUZ** does it.' I even whiz my playing cards through a big fluff of **DUZ** suds!

"So why not loosen up and tell folks the whole **DUZ** story. About how it can't be beat by any other leading washday soap for cleaning dirty things **quick**—and washing pretty things **safe**!"



DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

By Travis Hoke

WILLIAM COPELAND RHINELANDER was a gay young blade.

It was his pleasure to pounce upon his mother's housemaids and snatch kisses.

Once he tried to kiss three, all in one afternoon.

He broke the tortoise shell comb worn by one and startled another into shattering a cut-glass pitcher. They ran down the hall, weeping.

The third was named Maggie McGinness, and she had spunk.

Her dress torn, she stood her ground, minding no words as she gave him a piece of her mind. Then she saw to it that he paid for the comb and the pitcher—and bought her a new dress.

Later on, after they got to know

llam Copeland were divorced. There were rumors that the divorce was part of an effort at family reconciliation. A few years later Maggie created a scene in an apartment building and was placed in a sanatorium.

In 1897 William Copeland married Juliette Kathleen Maier, a waitress in a quick lunch room. If there had been any chance of reconciliation, that ended it.

Apparently the Rhinelanders considered that keeping William Copeland out of the family's presence wasn't enough, after the second marriage. The allowance, by now \$5,000 a year, would be continued, the family lawyer said, only on condition that William Copeland shun Manhattan.

William Copeland and Juliette roamed around Canada, moved to Brooklyn, finally to Schenectady, N. Y. There, in 1914, paralyzed and blind, he said that he forgave his father, and had no regrets. He added:

"I'd do it all over again for the woman I loved. What is life without love? But if you prefer money, don't marry as I did."

Not long afterward he died, Juliette was still with him.

ette was still with him.

Throughout the decades since William Copeland had wounded Rhineland pride by marrying Maggie, the only member of the family to have sympathized with him was his brother Philip, the father of Kip.

Nothing much is known of William Christopher Rhineland's early history. After his father died, the \$5,000 a year went to him.

In 1908, less headstrong than his father, he notified his uncles when he was about to marry Estelle Lynch. She was invited to meet the family. Everything went well at the meeting, she said not long ago.

Philip took the young couple out to dinner, dined at their home and even washed the dishes, according to Estelle. Other Rhinelanders, however, made no overtures.

In the late '20s William Christopher and Estelle were separated.

Uncle Philip made Estelle and her two children an allowance of \$175 a month after the separation.

When Kip Rhineland first met Alice Jones, he was going to a special school for "unusual" children. His

mother had been burned to death while preparing for dinner in the Rhineland home. The shock of this tragedy was considered to have retarded his development in some ways.

He was 22 when he and Alice were married in 1924.

A year later Kip sued Alice, unsuccessfully, for annulment. The trial was one of the most sensational on record. Letters were read in court that could not be printed.

He hid, to prevent further notoriety, for four years. Meanwhile Alice had sued his father for \$500,000 charging alienation of Kip's affections. She withdrew the suit when, in 1929, Kip got a Reno divorce in exchange for \$31,500 and \$300 a month to Alice.

Kip rejoined his father and they lived alone together, as inconspicuously as possible, in Long Beach, L. I. They rarely made the short trip to New York City, and wore dark glasses when they did.

Kip died, at 34, in 1936, leaving all he had, less than \$10,000, to his father, who said:

"Kip was a great comfort to me."

Rhinelanders OUTCASTS

each other better, considerably better, she married him.

His fabulously wealthy relatives never forgave him and he went down in family history as founder of the "outcast" branch of the clan.

His father cut him off from any part of the \$50,000,000 estate. His moldering aunt struck his name from her will bequeathing \$1,000,000 to nieces and nephews. His grandfather revoked his share of a \$1,000,000 legacy. All he had left was his name.

In 1876 the name of Rhineland carried weight in New York City, and still does. But it wasn't much help to William Copeland Rhineland.

Nor was it ever much help to his son, William Christopher Rhineland, who died recently in an unpretentious New York lodging house, leaving an estate of \$3,000—and thus recalling his father's unfortunate marriage, as well as the unfortunate marriage of his cousin, Leonard Kip Rhineland, to mulatto Alice Beatrice Jones.

The first of the Rhinelanders in this country—Philip Jacob—came from Oberwesel-am-Rhine in Germany. His descendants—like the Astors and the Goetts—put their faith in New York real estate and built up a huge fortune.

Acknowledged leaders in society, their conduct had been exemplary until 21-year-old William Copeland, just graduated from Columbia University and about to take up the study of law, set a new pattern by eloping with Maggie McGinness.

After the indignation over that elopement had subsided, the family entered into an agreement whereby William and Maggie were to receive \$100 a week, provided they kept out of sight. The money was handed them regularly by a Rhineland family lawyer, William Drake.

But that didn't end the family's worries. In 1884, William Copeland was arrested for shooting the lawyer. He said that Drake had offered Maggie money to leave him, go to Ireland and never come back. Drake died six months after the shooting. Young Rhineland was never tried.

Meanwhile Maggie had become the mother of William Christopher Rhineland, who died the other day in the lodging house. William Christopher was also the name of the grandfather who had cut William Copeland out of the \$1,000,000 will.

Some time later, Maggie and Wil-

Maggie McGinness
Gave the Gay
Young Blade a
Piece of Her Mind
—and Him a
Rhineland!—but
Later On She
Married Him.



Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Happy Return of Ruth Etting

By Ursula Trow

SHE'S 50 years old now, but she's still slim and pretty and the throaty timbre of her voice has lost none of its warm appeal.

The lines of her face are slightly deeper, but her eyes still sparkle and the same charm that made her a Ziegfeld queen and a radio star is there.

Ruth Etting has come back to Broadway.

She has come back because she couldn't stay away. Years of puppet-on-a-string existence under the domineering influence of a gangster husband, climaxed by his shooting of the man who is now her husband, more years of precarious living under the shadow of possible vengeance—these have faded into the background.

Now, at 50, a new life is beginning. The mystical thrill of the spotlight, the public acclaim, the comforts that money can bring—these, in the past, were benefits tinged always with an overlaying dread of personal safety.

Now the way is clear again. The same benefits loom ahead, without the dread. Ruth Etting's heart is filled with the wonder of it.

"Being back satisfies something inside of me," she says, nodding her gray head. "It seems to make a lot of people happy—which is what entertainers are for, aren't they?"

It was in the lurid prohibition era that Ruth, a shy youngster from Nebraska, arrived in Chicago. She had studied design and made the trip especially to submit some costume ideas to the owner of the Marigold Gardens there. The owner wasn't interested in the ideas, but he did take a second look at Ruth and ask: "Can you sing?"

Sing? Ruth had never thought particularly about singing but she had never lacked courage, either. She went on and made good. It was the night after her opening that Martin "The Gimp" Snyder, one of the "boys" who infested nightclubs of that period, met her backstage.

His courtship was fast and furious. Ruth married him shortly afterwards. Then began years of a steady, though hectic, rise to fame, for which Snyder, although his methods were crude, was somewhat responsible.

He pounded desks, hounded Broadway agents, grabbed cigarettes from the mouths of friends if they weren't the brand Ruth was publicizing in her radio show. He wheedled, angled, cajoled and fought until her salary had gone from \$25 to \$2,500 a week. He made such a nuisance of himself that he was often barred from clubs where Ruth was singing. Owners made that part of her contract.

Fame came to the little Nebraska girl, but it was bitter. Snyder exercised a Svengali-like supervision over her. He picked her friends. He made

she told Snyder she couldn't take it any longer. She was terribly upset. She could not sing unless he set her free.

Snyder agreed to a divorce, perhaps because he had his eyes on his own bread and butter. The presence of a rival never occurred to him.

But there was a rival. Myrl Alderman, Ruth's arranger and accompanist, was in love with her. After the divorce they were married. When Snyder, who, despite legal separation, still considered Ruth his "little woman," heard about it he was furious. He owned her, he told everyone, for hadn't he made her what she was?

A jealous rage in his heart, he shot and almost killed Alderman. He came to trial on a charge of attempted murder and was convicted. Ruth was overcome by shame—and fear.

Snyder served one year in prison. He came out apparently washed clean of vengeful motives. At last report he was going straight in Chicago as a car dealer and wishing luck to Ruth in her new venture.

For a long time, however, she could not erase the terror from her mind and Alderman slept with a gun under his pillow.

Another unpleasantness followed Snyder's trial. Alma Alderman, divorced wife of Ruth's new husband, sued Ruth for \$150,000, charging alienation of affections. The suit was dismissed, but only after a great deal of damaging publicity.

She quit her career. In the early part of 1939 she traveled in South America with Myrl. Then they went to England, where Myrl wrote a musical comedy that was never staged—the war broke. They scurried back to America on the last available ship and retired to a quiet, almost secluded, chicken farm in Colorado.

After Pearl Harbor, Myrl joined the Army. For the next four years, while he was in the Pacific, Ruth lived near Army camps and worked for the Red Cross. Myrl came back, victim of a bombing, and they settled down on the farm again.

When he was well the old excitement of show business stirred in his veins. He got a Hollywood offer to do some arrangements and he couldn't resist. Ruth caught the excitement, too. The old fears were gone. In their stead was a rainbow of hope. Myrl headed west. Ruth headed east—to Broadway.

For ten years she had been out of the limelight. That's a long time. As the first steps in her comeback she guest-starred on a Rudy Vallee radio show. Four thousand letters welcomed her back. Then she appeared in a New York nightclub. They loved her.

"It's good to be back," Ruth sighs happily. "It seems so different and wonderful. I'm crossing my fingers, but I think I'm going to make it."

The little girl from Nebraska smiles. There is a new wisdom in her shining eyes.



Illustrated by
GUY HOFF

Ruth Etting is 50 Now and Starting All Over Again on Broadway—She's Glad to Be Back and Sure She'll Make Good.



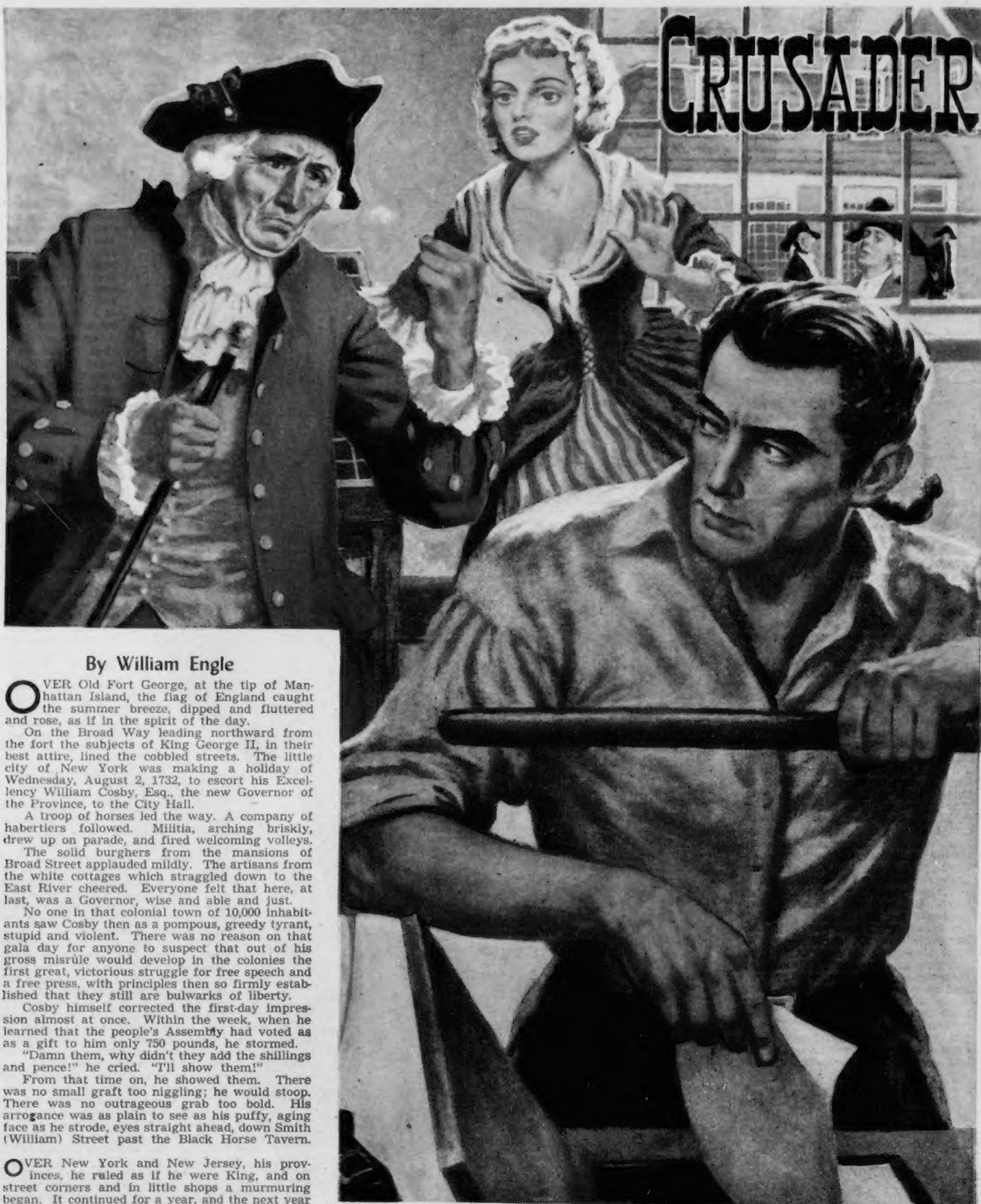
The Club Owner Wasn't Interested in Ruth's Designs. "Can You Sing?" He Asked Her.

her dates. He ruled her ruthlessly, insisting on engagements she didn't want to keep.

Even the adulation of her listeners could not compensate for the unending drudgery, the drab living in hotel rooms, the constant fear of Snyder's wrath.

She told friends: "If I leave him, I'm afraid he'll kill me."

At the end of 17 years, however,



By William Engle

OVER Old Fort George, at the tip of Manhattan Island, the flag of England caught the summer breeze, dipped and fluttered and rose, as if in the spirit of the day.

On the Broad Way leading northward from the fort the subjects of King George II, in their best attire, lined the cobbled streets. The little city of New York was making a holiday of Wednesday, August 2, 1732, to escort his Excellency William Cosby, Esq., the new Governor of the Province, to the City Hall.

A troop of horses led the way. A company of habertiers followed. Militia, arching briskly, drew up on parade, and fired welcoming volleys.

The solid burghers from the mansions of Broad Street applauded mildly. The artisans from the white cottages which straggled down to the East River cheered. Everyone felt that here, at last, was a Governor, wise and able and just.

No one in that colonial town of 10,000 inhabitants saw Cosby then as a pompous, greedy tyrant, stupid and violent. There was no reason on that gala day for anyone to suspect that out of his gross misrule would develop in the colonies the first great, victorious struggle for free speech and a free press, with principles then so firmly established that they still are bulwarks of liberty.

Cosby himself corrected the first-day impression almost at once. Within the week, when he learned that the people's Assembly had voted as a gift to him only 750 pounds, he stormed.

"Damn them, why didn't they add the shillings and pence!" he cried. "I'll show them!"

From that time on, he showed them. There was no small graft too niggling; he would stoop. There was no outrageous grab too bold. His arrogance was as plain to see as his puffy, aging face as he strode, eyes straight ahead, down Smith (William) Street past the Black Horse Tavern.

OVER New York and New Jersey, his provinces, he ruled as if he were King, and on street corners and in little shops a murmuring began. It continued for a year, and the next year it deepened.

"Why is the Governor given the power to convene the Assembly at will?"

"Why is he given an absolute negative on acts of the Assembly?"

"Why should the money levied from us be confined to an officer not even responsible to the legislature?"

"Why shouldn't revenue grants be limited to specific purposes only?"

It was a time for a champion of the people to rise, and as sometimes happens in great need, one did. But the circumstances of his service have been so distorted that even many a student doesn't know the inside of the drama.

The man's name, the leader's name, was John Peter Zenger; a simple man, a brave man; unlettered and, until his great moments, unknown.

In this autumn of 1734 he had his small print-

"Zenger Opened His Columns to the Sharpest and Most Liberal Thinkers and Writers in New York. His Wife Stood by Him as He Put His Paper Militantly on the Side of the People."

ing shop in Broad Street, near the Long Bridge, in the town of New York. He was 36 then, a German-born printer who in 1710 had been sent over with other Palatines by Queen Anne. He was a member of the Dutch Church, married to a plump Dutch girl who had been Anna Catharina Maulin; for 10 years he had been a freeman of the city; and above even his personal advantage he placed his loyalty to the Popular Party, which was the foe of sham and imposture, and so the foe of Governor Cosby.

Besides that, he was an instrument in the cause

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

of free men everywhere, for he was publisher of the "New York Weekly Journal, Containing the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic."

The strongest minds in New York turned to the Weekly Journal as Cosby's abuses of power grew. They found a way of expression there. Self-effacing little Zenger himself lacked an editor's education. His business was printing. But he didn't lack a blazing sympathy with freemen's rights. He opened his columns to the sharpest and most liberal men in New York; he put his paper on the side of the people.

In a new book, "Anna Zenger," called a "novelized biography," Kent Cooper, executive direc-

FOR FREEDOM in Old New York



tor of the Associated Press, in his fictionalized history, gives Zenger's wife, Anna, the credit for writing his newspaper's provocative articles. Most students of original colonial documents, however, do not accept Mr. Cooper's version.

The generally believed conclusion is that Zenger daringly threw in his lot with the leading patriotic thinkers and writers of his day. That was risky and he knew it. By innuendo, his paper attacked the Governor, and by lies and irony. No one could fail to understand that the barbs of the little paper were directed against

the oppressor of all, the Governor.

When a fellow townsman was denied a trial by jury, Zenger's paper said:

"Deservedly is this trial by jury ranked among the choicest of our fundamental laws, which whosoever shall go about openly to suppress, or craftily to undermine, does attack the government, and bring in an arbitrary power, and is AN ENEMY AND A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY!" "Enemy" and "traitor" were fighting words, and Zenger didn't mind that. He was willing to back up his writers.

This he had to do. As blow after blow was delivered by the modest journal with the "freshest advices, foreign and domestic," Governor Cosby couldn't stand it.

His council ordered certain issues burned "by the hands of the common hangman, or whipper, near the pillory." The hangman didn't actually burn them; a Negro servant of the sheriff did.

The incident was called to mind again recently, when a bound file, 1733-36, of the Journal was sold for \$4,400 by the estate of Fred W. Allsop, publisher of the Arkansas Gazette, to James Graham & Sons, Inc., dealers.

When the burning of the papers didn't stop the Journal's jeers, Cosby made an angry ruling. "Arrest the man Zenger!" he ordered.

IT WAS as though the King had spoken, for in New York and New Jersey he was, indeed, the King. The City Council heeded him. It issued a warrant charging Zenger with publishing "several seditious libels."

Soldiers on Sunday morning, Nov. 17, 1734, served the warrant. They threw the mild-mannered little printer into the jail in the City Hall. They told him he could see no one, talk to no one, write to no one, and they left him in his cell.

On Monday, his publication day, the Journal didn't come out. Governor Cosby, in his monumental stupidity, had stopped the voice of freedom.

He didn't stop it long. Within a few days, Zenger's wife and servants were allowed to talk to him through a hole in the door of his cell. He was permitted to give his wife a statement, and the next week his wife and his friends of the Popular Party issued the paper.

Bail was set prohibitively high. The case was delayed. From November, 1734, until April, 1735, Zenger was held in prison. Then when his lawyers took him into the Supreme Court of Judicature of the Province of New York, still harsher fortune claimed him.

The Court ruled his lawyers in contempt because they'd questioned the Court's authority, and it barred them from the roll of attorneys.

After five months in a cell, Zenger had no lawyer. The Court therefore had the authority to appoint one. It named young John Chambers.

That half-hearted man was a Cosby crony. "Zenger's jig is up!" said Governor Cosby that night, as, dining with sycophants, he sipped Madeira. "He is as good as convicted and sentenced." His fair-weather friends laughed deferentially, and next day spread the word around.

They didn't know what a small group of men on Zenger's side was doing. The group saw that Zenger's plight (his case in the hands of a prejudiced lawyer, to be heard by an influenced court) was desperate. It proposed to find another lawyer, the best in the colonies.

"There is no doubt about who is the most able advocate in North America," said Lewis Morris, Jr., one of the eminent contributors to the Journal. "I agree," said James Alexander, equally eminent, and a contributor. "The man is Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia."

Andrew Hamilton, then, was almost 80 years old. His once stalwart form was crippled by gout. His face was seamed and the voice which had rung through the highest courts of England and the colonies was thinning. This didn't matter to Zenger's friends. Hamilton's intellect was unclouded. His spirit was undimmed. They wrote to him, telling him he was their only hope in darkness.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "I shall deem it an honor to take the case, and of course without remuneration. I am not free myself so long as another free man is denied free speech!" That was Hamilton, the gaunt and feeble old advocate from Philadelphia, courage his watchword, truth his armor. To Zenger's associates, he became a pillar of strength, and they kept that stirring knowledge secret.

By this time, with the spring of 1735 mellowing to summer, subjects throughout the colonies knew of the Zenger case. Everywhere there was subdued talk of the approaching trial. Everyone realized the certainty of its far-reaching consequences.

Nearly everyone was apprehensive. Neither public officials nor the public itself knew that when the day came, the pillar of strength from Philadelphia would rise in the courtroom.

The day came on Aug. 4. After nine months in prison, the once obscure printer was led into the court in the City Hall. The room was crowded. The judges, long-robed and periwigged, took their places, and then it was quiet.

In the quiet, Alexander walked slowly to Zenger's side, and faced the judges. It was as if a company had fired a broadside.

Through the ranks of Cosby's friends, rustled talk of dismay. Zenger's friends whispered in excitement. Even the judges could not hide their discomfiture. They would have excluded Hamilton from the case if they had dared. His reputation balked them. They told the lawyers to proceed.

They didn't know what to expect then of the warrior, Hamilton, but he didn't leave them long in doubt. Suavely and deliberately, but with a fierce determination, he, representing the defense, took the offense. He assailed, at the very outset, the court's authority on a fundamental point.

Zenger was charged, in an amended complaint, with publishing libel, "falsely, seditiously and scandalously." The prosecution held that if he had published the articles alleged, the jury could come to only one conclusion, that he was guilty. The judges would determine the penalty.

Mr. Hamilton stood up. "If you have brought witnesses here only to prove the printing and publishing of these news papers, we acknowledge that," he said. "We shall abide by it."

This was a defense theretofore unheard of. Was Hamilton's mind suddenly gone? He admitted his client published the articles in question.

The prosecuting attorney spoke. "I think the jury must find for the King. Supposing the articles were true, the law says they are not the less libellous for that."

That meant that the jury, in the prosecution's mind, couldn't decide whether the articles were libellous or not; it could only decide whether they were published by the defendant—and he already had admitted he had published them.

HAMILTON answered, and the court record of that distant day reports his words: "I hope it is not our bare printing a paper that will make it a libel. You will have something more to do, before you make my client a libeller. For the words themselves must be libellous, that is, false, scandalous, and seditious, or we are not guilty."

He was prepared to prove the truth of the statements which the prosecution said were false, and he demanded that the jury be allowed to hear him.

The court held that he had no legal right to try to justify the truth of the articles, but he did have the right to speak to the jury, and after that the old man from Philadelphia changed the course of history.

He proved the truth of the Journal's charges. He assailed the Cosby policy which sought to stifle criticism of officials. In those moments, his long and great career reached its zenith.

"As you see, I labor under the weight of many years," he said. "I am borne down with great infirmities of body. Yet old and weak as I am, I should think it my duty, if required, to go to the utmost part of the land, where my service could be of any use in assisting to quench the flame of prosecutions upon informations, set on foot by the government, to deprive a people of the right of remonstrating against the arbitrary attempts of men in power!"

"The question before the court, and you, gentlemen, is the cause of liberty, the liberty both of exposing and opposing arbitrary power by speaking and writing the truth!"

The jury withdrew. It was out only a few minutes. When it returned, a solid tradesman, Thomas Hunt, the foreman, looked straight at the judges, and said the verdict was: "Not guilty."

The crowd in the courtroom cheered. Zenger sank back in relief. Hamilton was surrounded by men who almost smothered him with praise.

THAT night, in the Black Horse Tavern, the winners, even as they do in taverns now, celebrated, and the following week the New York Weekly Journal (with Zenger at the press again) reported:

"Above 40 of the citizens entertained Mr. Hamilton at the Black Horse that day at dinner, to express their acknowledgment of his generosity on this occasion, and at his departure next day he was saluted with the great guns of several ships in the harbor, as a public testimony of the glorious defense he made in the cause of liberty in this province."

That defense established for the first time in North America a principle as sound today as it was then. It is the principle that in prosecution for criticism of a public official, it's the jury and not the judge who decides the law and the facts.

Mild-mannered Peter Zenger felt good about that. Unafraid of pompous Cosby, he put out the paper, with its advices, foreign and domestic, every Monday until nine years later he died.

Mother! Here's the easiest way to give your baby body-building MEAT!

New — specially prepared Strained Meats for Babies Diced Meats for Juniors

by
Swift & Company

Here's good news for you, mother, and for your baby. You can now feed body-building meat—with its complete, high-quality proteins, vitamins and minerals—as easily as you feed baby other specially prepared baby foods. The new Swift's Meats for Babies and Juniors are ready to heat and serve! You'll find your baby likes the wholesome, appetizing flavors of all six kinds: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. And it's important to develop baby's taste for a wide variety of foods, because variety is the foundation of good nutrition.

Baby needs lots of proteins

Your young baby is growing so fast he needs 3 to 4 times more protein, proportionately, than you do! You can help him get it easily by feeding Swift's specially prepared meats, because meat is one of our richest sources of complete, high-quality proteins (containing all the essential amino acids). In addition, meat furnishes valuable B vitamins for sound development, and iron, needed for good red blood. Authorities say that meat appropriately prepared may be fed to babies at any age!

Ask your doctor when to start feeding Swift's Meats for Babies or Swift's Meats for Juniors. Your food store has them now.



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Food and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



6 Strained - 6 Diced Meats

BEEF LAMB PORK
VEAL LIVER HEART

Ready to heat and serve!



Swift's Strained Meats—for young babies

Specially prepared to doctors' specifications, Swift's Meats for Babies are unbelievably fine in texture—soft and smooth as custard. They may be fed as soon as baby starts eating any other strained foods. Meats for Babies are *all meat*. They're made from selected, lean U. S. Government Inspected meats... gristle and fat are trimmed off with expert care. Meats for Babies are slightly salted and cooked just right to retain a maximum of their nutrients. Each vacuum-packed tin of Swift's Strained Meats offers approximately two servings.



Swift's Diced Meat—for older babies

Swift's Diced Meats for Juniors are tender cubes of meat—chopped to baby bite-size—just firm enough to encourage chewing. They are prepared—trimmed, cooked and packed—with the same special care as Swift's Meats for Babies. Diced Meats average two servings per tin.



SWIFT & COMPANY

A Night Out in Hollywood for Herbert Marshall and Boots Mallory, the Ex-Mrs. William Cagney . . . Rumor Has It Boots Will Be the Next and Fourth Wife of the Britisher.



HERBERT MARSHALL'S *Disconcerting Charm*

WOMEN who see him on the screen and those who know him socially are inclined to regard Herbert Marshall, "The Man Called X" of the radio, as the personification of all the attributes the ideal man should possess.

There seems to be much justification for this feminine viewpoint.

The suave British actor admittedly has charm, wit, and an air of graciousness that evokes sighs from feminine film fans and adulation from those who mingle in his social circle.

Yet, for some perplexing reason, the famous Marshall charm fails to wear well in matrimony. Successful in captivating others, he doesn't maintain the spell over his wives.

His third venture in matrimony, like the first two, ended in divorce recently when Lee Russell, former New York model, obtained a legal separation from the actor in Juarez, Mexico.

But failure does not discourage him, however, from trying again. He is reported planning to take his fourth bride this summer. And the girl mentioned is Boots Mallory, ex-wife of William Cagney, film producer and brother of Actor Jimmy Cagney. Her divorce decree becomes final in July.

The answer to the riddle of Marshall's domestic debacles plausibly may be his boredom with married life rather than a waning of his attraction as a fireside companion. It may well be that he is the one who finds marriage irksome.

At any rate, the ex-wives still like him even after separation. Still residing in the home they occupied together, Miss Russell has only kind words to say of the man she divorced on the grounds of incompatibility.

"I will never say anything against Bart," she explains. "He is one of the most charming people I ever have known."

That is typical of wives who have become ex-Mrs. Marshall.

The actor's first wife was Mollie Matland, an actress who was a London favorite of the World War I era. Then Marshall and Edna Best met when both were stars on the British stage. That was in 1924. Miss Best was the wife of William Seymour Beard, another actor.

The fact that both were married was not enough to keep Marshall and Miss Best from falling in love. Their romantic interest in each other was an open secret on both continents for the next several years.

In 1928 they were divorced. Marshall and Miss Best soon were married. Their early years together were happy.

First the Hollywood movie producers were interested only in Miss Best. She once gave up a screen contract to hurry home to be with her husband, who wasn't in demand as camera material.

Then the tables turned. The producers began bidding for Marshall's talents. Both came to Hollywood.

After a couple of years Miss Best returned to England to await the birth of a baby. Marshall stayed on to fill his picture commitments. He rejoined his wife when their daughter, Sarah Lynn, was born in 1933.

That important event behind them, the couple traveled back to Hollywood, but the relationship quickly became strained. During his wife's absence, Marshall had met Gloria Swanson, then in the heyday of her career. Miss Swanson was also a charmer. The two were quite dazzled by each other for a time.

The reports were quite disturbing to Miss Best, who underwent doctor's care to overcome her shock, then returned to her native land alone.

In 1936 Marshall, too, went back to London. There was a second honeymoon and the couple's differences appeared to have been forgotten, or

at least forgiven for the time being.

It was more than three years before Hollywood saw Miss Best again. However, her husband's absence was much shorter. He had picture assignments to fill and the film colony hostesses kept his name high on their invitation lists.

By the time Miss Best had reappeared on the scene, Marshall's affections had settled on Miss Russell, who had been the wife of Eddie Brandt, New York songwriter and singer.

Miss Best was not greatly perturbed over this new romance. Early in 1940 she obtained a quick Nevada divorce at Las Vegas and almost as quickly married Nat Wolfe, actor's agent.

Marshall's love for Miss Russell encountered some difficulties. Brandt indicated disapproval by suing Marshall for \$250,000, alleging alienation of his wife's affections.

The suit eventually was dropped.

Brandt said he had settled out of court for \$10,000, but Marshall denied that any payment had been made by him.

Only a few weeks after the marriage of Miss Best to Wolfe, Marshall and Miss Russell exchanged their vows at Las Vegas. The first congratulatory telegram they received was from the Nat Wolfes, a message of best wishes from the woman who had been Mrs. Marshall for 11 years and who still felt a warm regard for him.

All went well with the actor and his third wife for several years. And then a daughter, Ann, was born to them in 1942.

Last fall came word of their separation. Marshall moved out of their home and early this year Miss Russell went to Juarez for her divorce.

Meanwhile, Marshall and Boots Mallory became interested in each other. They began planning a wedding as soon as Miss Mallory's final divorce decree is in her hands.

The date has been set for August 1 and will be solemnized in Santa Barbara.

"Boots and I both want to be married in Santa Barbara for sentimental reasons," the 56-year-old actor explained. "That's where I met her and where we fell in love."



GRAND AWARD! \$1,795 DU MONT TELEVISION-Radio-Phonograph Combination

Giant Prize Contest

2,536 AWARDS! WORTH \$21,145

Introducing Tek DeLuxe **TOOTH BRUSH**

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! What a thrill to win one of these eleven big Television-Radio Sets! Imagine—right in your home—big league baseball games, prize fights, drama, movies! And this spectacular contest, introducing Tek de Luxe—America's 4-ways better tooth brush, offers you hundreds of other valuable prizes!

JUST GET AN ENTRY BLANK (for full information and rules) at your favorite drug counter. Or, cut out the Limerick from this ad, and use it as your entry blank. All you do is fill in the last line of the Limerick. Then mail it, with the blue and red label from inside a Tek de Luxe Tooth Brush container, to Tek Corp., Box 209, Newark 1, N. J. Send as many entries as you please, including a Tek de Luxe label with each. Contest closes midnight July 31, 1947.

WHAT'S YOUR "LAST LINE"?

Here's the Limerick:
*"Tek de Luxe," raved an actress named Jean,
 "Is the best-looking tooth brush I've seen.
 "In its smart travel kit,
 "It's a sure 4-star hit.*

(fill in this line)

2,536 Prize Winners. Be One Of Them!

GRAND PRIZE—\$1,795 Du Mont Television-Radio-Phonograph Combination. Television is sweeping the country. Here's everything you want now and for the future. Think of it! The finest in Television plus FM, Standard and Short Wave Radio plus Automatic Phonograph. 39 tubes! Big, direct-view television pictures 12¾ inches wide. Big, rich mahogany cabinet almost 4 feet wide.

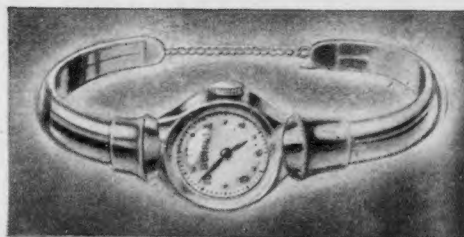
10 SECOND PRIZES—Each a \$795 DuMont Television-Radio Set. Bright, clear television pictures 10 inches wide. Plus—FM and Standard Radio Reception. 29 tubes! Natural mahogany cabinet.

25 THIRD PRIZES—Each a \$150 Benrus Embraceable Watch. Exquisitely styled, ladies' bracelet-watch combination. 14 karat gold, 17 jewels.

500 FOURTH PRIZES—Each a Hughes All-around Hair Brush, worth \$7.50. The famous "deep-action" brush for beautiful hair. Nylon bristles, Lucite handle.

2,000 FIFTH PRIZES—1 pair each, Airmaid Nylon Hosiery. Worth \$1.95 a pair. Full-fashioned, super-sheer, all nylon—top to toe.

TEK CORPORATION, NEWARK, N. J.



Prizes! Prizes! BENRUS EMBRACEABLE WATCHES



All-around Hair Brushes



Nylon Hosiery by Airmaid



TEN MORE TELEVISION PRIZES

Each a \$795 Du Mont
Television-Radio Set



THE NEW
Tek
De Luxe
TOOTH BRUSH

**No other tooth brush
at any price
has all these features**

1. Sculptured beauty!
Handle fashioned in
gleaming Starlite® by
one of America's top de-
signers. Crystal or gem
colors.

2. Waterproof Keton®
bristles, won't get soggy.
Your Tek de Luxe stays
fresh and springy. Puts
sparkle in your smile.

3. Technically correct
shape. Tek de Luxe
cleans all your teeth,
easily. Even inside
curves where bulky
brushes often miss.

4. Sanitary unbreak-
able container. Makes
perfect travel kit. Get
Tek de Luxe at your fa-
vorite drug counter, 50¢.

*EXCLUSIVE WITH THE DE LUXE

"Now Jericho was straitly shut and it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet...the wall of the city shall fall down flat."—The Book of Joshua.

By G. B. Lal

THE little story of Joshua's legions breaching down the walls of Jericho with trumpet blasts has a modern counterpart in a new idea by which science hopes to capture the "essence" of the atomic universe.

The nucleus, the central citadel, of the atom is the "Jericho of the Universe," around which are fortifications that conceal stupendous forces and amazing substance.

It is so small that if 20 million million were lined in a single row they would make only one inch.

Equally staggering is the binding force which keeps together the particles of this substance—the protons, charged with positive electricity, and the uncharged neutrons.

"If a piano wire held together

with the same force," says Dr. Charles A. Thomas, of the Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis, "it could hold the entire pre-war United States Navy dangling from its end."

If this mysterious atomic "piano wire" snapped, the substance of the atom might turn completely into energy. According to Prof. Albert Einstein's law, the energy produced by the conversion of a single drop of water would be sufficient to supply 200 horsepower for a whole year, or the electrical power which New York City uses each 24 hours.

All development of atomic energy today depends upon having enough neutrons to shoot at uranium.

But, as Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of Pasadena's California Institute of Technology, says, in his new book, "Electrons, Protons, Photons, Neutrons, Mesotrons and Cosmic Rays" (University of Chicago Press): "Uranium, while not so rare as gold, is exceedingly rare in comparison with any of the abundant, cheap and inexhaustible elements."

Uranium is less than one part in each 320,000 parts of the earth's crust. Even with such small amounts, a

Battering Down The Atom's "WALLS of JERICH0"

The Energy Produced by the Conversion of a Single Drop of Water, According to Prof. Albert Einstein's Law, Would Be Sufficient to Supply 200 Horsepower for a Whole Year.

star, coalesce into helium atoms—four of the former make one of the latter. In this atom building a little of the atomic substance—just 3 parts in 400 parts—is changed into energy.

Why can't we do this, change hydrogen into helium?

In the sun's center, where such atom building goes on by a chain reaction, a self-perpetuating process, there are temperatures of 45,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and pressures about 160 billion times as great as our atmospheric pressure at sea level.

On a small scale, and at a prohibitively high cost, man can now build up light atoms into heavier atoms. He can, even today, annihilate atoms, but at great costs. The problem now is: how can ordinary atoms be annihilated or united by a self-sustaining process, or in some other inexpensive way?

One way to learn the answer is to produce mesotrons in laboratories and shoot them at atoms.

Mesotrons, also called mesons, are

subatomic particles, some 200 times heavier than electrons. They are formed in the atmosphere, when cosmic ray bullets, such as the cores of hydrogen atoms of tremendous energies, coming from the celestial space, collide with the atoms of air.

According to a leading scientific theory, the mesotrons are inside the atom's nucleus, where their job is to keep the atom together.

Scientists want to know whether by blasting the atom with man-made mesotrons the atom's own mesotrons could be spilled out. This would set free, practically, all the atomic energy. If some free mesotrons, coming out in such an explosion, blew up other atoms, a chain of atomic energy liberation would be set up.

As yet no such mesotron-caused atomic explosions have been observed in cosmic ray studies. But they might occur when there is abundance of laboratory-made mesotrons for shooting at atomic hearts.

The mesotron bombardment might cause "resonance" within the attacked atoms, which would be the kind of effect involved in the Biblical story of Jericho. Whenever two vibrating systems "tune together," tremendous upheavals can occur; bridges fall by tramping of marching soldiers, and by certain oscillations set up by winds.

The walls of Jericho were flattened, according to a "scientific" interpretation, by the tramping of soldiers' feet and sound blasts.

The vibrations of the mesotron bullets will be the same as the frequencies of the mesotrons within the atom. So mesotron shooting would cause a tremendous increase in the activity of the atom's inner mesotrons. Thus the atom would be shaken apart in a somewhat similar fashion to the way that the walls of Jericho were shaken down by sympathetic oscillations.

Scientists hope that their new machines, now being designed, and some already completed—super-cyclotrons, betatrons, synchrotrons, linear accelerators and atomic piles—will generate particles of 300 to 400 electron volts, which would be mesotrons, and others of one to three billion electron volts, which would be man-made protons and neutrons—the components of the atom.

At the General Electric Laboratory, Schenectady, a 70-million volt synchrotron is already in action, proving that such machines can be successfully operated to produce electrons of much higher energies.

great age of atomic energy-powered factories, ships, rockets is coming. But already the leading atomic scientists are seeking ways of obtaining

atomic energy from common atoms. In the sun atomic energy is liberated, providing for all the solar heat and light, through the building up, not splitting of atoms.

Hydrogen atoms, in the sun or any

Illustrated by A. LEYDENFROST



*The cream shampoo
for true hair loveliness*



FOUR OUNCES, \$1.00;
FAMILY 1 LB., \$3.50

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



*Men know a secret
about girls' hair!*

Most men will confess that they love girls' hair when it gleams with natural high-lights and shadows—sparkles with silky softness—delights with clean fragrance. Whether you wear your hair "up" or "down," long or short, it is your natural hair-appeal that men find enchanting. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair...quickly (no special rinse)...easily...inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that whips up like magic in hard or soft water into mild, gentle lather that sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that leaves the hair much softer, more obedient. Help yourself to new hair glamour...get Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

KAY DAUMIT, INC. (SUCCESSOR), 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

**It Is a Broad and Shining
Highway to Nowhere for
Most of the Ambitious
Thousands Who Follow It
—Only to Find So Little
Room at the Top**

SHE was beautiful, brunette, and well trained for the stage. Mimi Miller had a lot of every thing, but early one morning she turned on all five burners of her gas range. Police found her, dressed in shirtwaist and slacks, lying in the kitchen of her attractive New York City apartment.

Despite her wealth and her beauty and her talent, Mimi couldn't have what she wanted.

She was another of the thousands of girls and boys who make the rounds of theatrical offices day after day, week after week, trying to get on the Broadway stage.

She was the victim of what the Theatre Guild calls the "numerical situation"—too many actors, not enough parts.

Mimi had started the trek to New York in her home state of Texas,

where she'd had some Little Theatre roles. In the big town, she developed her talent at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, after attending Vassar College.

An unhappy childhood was behind her; in New York, she thought, her beauty and her talent would give her the opportunity to lead a happy life on the stage.

But no. She couldn't beat the numerical situation.

Every year hundreds of girls, maybe not as beautiful, maybe not

so talented, but with the same desire, leave Smalltown, U.S.A., to travel the road that is paved with broken hearts. Bright-eyed with hope, they start making the rounds. Sometimes it takes months to dim those eyes.

"For every minor role in the legitimate theatre," say spokesmen for the Theatre Guild, "there are 50 persons who can play it well. There are just too many actors."

Five of Mimi Miller's classmates in the American Academy were brought to New York by the Guild

on coveted scholarships. They are the answers to the old bitter cry: "You've got to know somebody. You've got to get the breaks."

These five girls knew somebody. They got the breaks. Talented and charming, clever and beautiful, they were selected out of a crowd of some 400 applicants to win the scholarships.

There was petite Betty Cole of Wilmington, Del., born to play character-ingenue roles. Then there was Pat Jenkins of Philadelphia, a flash ing-eyed, brunette, who, like Mimi Miller, didn't need all the talent she had to make the boys go "Ah-h-h!"

Eda Field of Long Branch, N. J., a striking blonde with a true feel for drama, and beautiful Reba Tassel of Philadelphia also came out ahead in the contest. These four were all 19 years old when they entered the academy in 1944.

Eleanor Shaw of Los Angeles, the fifth winner, was a couple of years older, and had already appeared in dancing parts in the movies. She eagerly dropped the chance, at a Hollywood dancing career to develop her acting for the Broadway stage.

Five girls, sitting on top of the world. Sponsored by the Theatre Guild. When they graduated last year their hopes were high.

Months have passed and they're still looking for jobs on the Broadway stage. Not a one has had even a walk-on part.

Betty played summer stock last year with the Greenbush Theatre in upper New York State. "I had good roles with a good theatre," she says. "I came back to New York in the fall, and got the same old answer, even with the Guild. Nothing today."

Pat went abroad with the USO, and also did summer stock with the Bucks County Playhouse. Her entry into New York, even with that back ground, was something less than triumphant.

Eda had the same history of a good summer in stock and a horrible let-down in the fall. Reba got married and accompanied her husband to Wisconsin, and Eleanor, who married a young man in New York, suddenly found herself back where she started when her husband got a job writing for the movies in Hollywood.

The three who are left to pound the pavements of New York are not mad at anybody, just discouraged.

"The point is," says Eda, "that we were all so keyed up. Winning the competition over so many girls. Having the sponsorship of the Guild. Now, nothing. We can't even get interviews with our own sponsors."

The Theatre Guild says the only answer is to have more theatres. The Actors Equity Association, which accepts only actors who have made professional performances, is very sympathetic, but that's all it can be.

Equity refuses to recommend any dramatic school, the good ones as well as those which make impossible promises purely to get pupils, because the best can only develop talent, not create it.

They warn the newcomers against the fly-by-night agents who demand outrageous fees for securing a young hopeful a one or a two-week job.

The numerical situation was too much for Mimi Miller, who so desperately needed emotional security, despite her looks and her talent and her wealth. Even Eda and Betty, Pat, Reba and Eleanor, who proved themselves competent and who were sponsored by the Guild, were not able to get one role all last season.

Many a girl has sacrificed youth, hopes, and dreams on the altar of the "numerical situation." Mimi Miller, beautiful, talented, sacrificed her life

Rocky Road to Stardom

By Booton Herndon



Pat Jenkins—She Won a Stage Scholarship, Says She Might as Well Have Stayed Home Washing the Dishes.

Married to beauty for life
... by Simoniz!



Perfect Start for a Lasting Finish

Honeymooning in a wonderful car! Fortunately, someone had the foresight to SIMONIZ the finish. You, too, should SIMONIZ your car—and from the start. Then the colors will be safe from the fading rays of the sun. Safe from corrosive airborne chemicals and road grime that dull and destroy. SIMONIZ also “builds up” the beauty . . . makes it richer in brilliance—and lasting! All you need is a dry cloth to keep it sparkling . . . free from dust and dirt. You'll enjoy long years of driving pleasure when your car is Simonized. Insist on SIMONIZ—first with motorists everywhere!

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, auto accessory and department stores, garages and service stations everywhere.

TO RESTORE NEW BEAUTY to dull finishes . . . use the Simoniz Kleeners—liquid when it's in average condition . . . paste when the finish is exceptionally dull. Then apply SIMONIZ to make that sparkling finish last years longer. **THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS**

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ



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Witnesses Should Be Younger Than the Testator,
So That They May Be Expected to Survive Him
—But Never Anybody Who Might Benefit From
the Will and Be Charged With Using
Undue Influence.

How NOT To Make A Will

Illustrated
by
PAUL FREHM

By John Henderson

SINCE a will, after all, is simply a statement of how a person wants his property disposed of after his death, the wonder is that so many wills go wrong.

Uncounted hundreds of wills, however, are fought over or thrown out in the courts of the various states each year. Some attempt to dispose of property in ways that the law does not allow. Some express their intentions too inadequately or unclearly for the court to follow.

Still others fail to comply with the laws that are designed to protect the makers of wills.

Take the matter of witnesses. The law requires witnesses to a will, obviously, to protect the testator against forgery and fraud.

The witnessing of a will, however, causes more trouble than any other single factor, lawyers generally agree.

The Robert Grant will is a case in point. Grant, a Scotsman, was a contracting plumber in New York City some years ago. In due time he had his lawyers draw up a will, which was properly witnessed.

After his death a later will was found, disposing of a \$150,000 estate. He had taken the first will and changed its wording slightly.

So far so good—the wording of the second will was still within the law. He had taken a copy of the revised will to a notary. (A notary is not required in executing a will.)

The notary had witnessed Grant's signature—but he was the only witness. New York and many other states require two witnesses. Some states require three. Grant's will was invalid.

Grant might have been as much in error if he had made his revisions

on the paper of the properly witnessed will. Probate courts don't like erasures and write-ins—they can't tell whether the changes were made by the testator or somebody else.

When you change your mind about the disposition of your property, make a new will, lawyers advise. Have it properly witnessed and destroy the old will. Or write a codicil—addition—to the old will and have it properly witnessed too.

Witnesses, to be proper ones, must be impartial and credible.

The matter of impartiality is important. Anyone who might benefit from the will does not make the ideal witness, because he or she could be considered to have unduly influenced the testator.

The executor, the person who closes out the estate and turns it over to the beneficiaries or trustees, may also benefit by it under the law. The executor-beneficiary, however, may not be a witness.

A common delusion is that the holographic will—that is, one made out and signed in the testator's handwriting—is good anywhere without the signatures of witnesses. Except in unusual cases of soldiers and sailors on active service, however, this kind of will is invalid in New York and many other states.

The same holds true for nuncupative or unwritten wills, made orally to witnesses.

Another persistent delusion is expressed in the phrase "cut off with a dollar." The idea is that leaving a nominal sum prevents suits to break the will, also that it shows the cutting off was no oversight.

Actually, anyone who can be cut off at all needn't be paid a cent.

Laws of property, hence of wills, change so constantly that the average

layman can't keep up with them.

Obviously, it is wise to have a lawyer draft a will. Occasionally, however, lawyers draft faulty wills sometimes their own.

Samuel J. Tilden, unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency in 1876, was the top lawyer of his time in the United States. Ironically, he specialized in the affairs of corporations.

A bachelor, he left in his will \$400,000 of his fortune to charity, and instructed his trustees to form a corporation to administer it.

What Tilden didn't know—more likely, forgot—was that the then law did not allow for any such trustee-formed corporation.

Subsequent litigation reduced charity's share to \$2,000,000, which, as the Tilden Foundation, was combined with the Astor and Lenox foundations to form the New York Public Library.

Laws regarding spouses' and children's shares of estates change, too, and differ in various states.

New York, for example, no longer recognizes courtesy and dower rights. (Courtesy right entitled the husband, while he lived, to use real estate which a wife owned at her death. Dower right was the wife's interest in her husband's real estate.)

Sometimes a will attempts to give to charity more than the law allows. In many states, if kin within a certain degree of relationship survive the testator, he can bequeath no more than one-half his estate to charity.

Next to the improper witnessing of wills, the layman is most often at fault in not anticipating events that may render his will invalid.

A man leaves all his property to his wife and provides that at her death the estate goes to, say, a cousin. Supposing the cousin dies before

the wife does. Unless the will has anticipated this, it is invalid.

In the case of a catastrophe, such as a shipwreck, in which both husband and wife die, the law used to presume that the man died last.

Now in New York and some other states, the law makes no such presumption. Lawyers making wills usually write in a "common calamity" clause covering such events.

Some testators try to dispose of property in ways that the courts may decide are against "public policy."

This charge was made against the will of Charles Vance Millar, instigator of the famous Toronto "Stork Derby." Millar, a bachelor, left \$500,000 to the Toronto mother who had the most babies within ten years.

Millar's relatives contested the will, claiming that the Derby ridiculed motherhood. The will was upheld.

Some wills require seemingly in terminable wordage in disposing of comparatively small estates. Edward H. Harriman, however, used only two sentences in bequeathing to his wife his \$70,000,000 railroad fortune.

new *stay-at-home go-and- roam* radio thrill



graceful beauty

in a home radio

plus a gypsy spirit

for the outdoors

Enjoy year-round entertainment at home or away—

with the versatile Crosley PORTABLE Radio

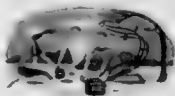
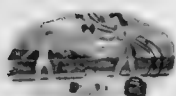
It's a smartly styled modern table radio—performs like a star on AC or DC. But it's also a rugged traveler, with a powerful long-lasting battery pack, to liven your picnics, week-ends, vacations and travels—anywhere, anytime.

CROSLEY PorTABLE Radio

You need never again consider merely a portable radio of limited use. For here is a proudly handsome home radio of great power and lifelike tone... instantly ready to share your outdoor excursions.

The go-and-roam season is beckoning now.

Be ready to enjoy every moment of it... see and hear this year-round-pal at your Crosley dealer's TODAY!



READY AT HOME, READY TO ROAM

You'll have more fun on your outings with a Crosley PORTABLE to bring a world of entertainment to your special pleasure spot. A powerful, long-life battery pack keeps this excursion-companion ready to roam to seashore, to mountains—anywhere, anytime.



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from every view

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Any way you look at it the Crosley RONDO is a gem. Anywhere you place it—on end table, mantel, or bedside stand—you'll be proud of its smartness. Amazing small set performance on either AC or DC, any 110-120 volt outlet. See and hear this compact Crosley masterpiece of advanced styling and radionic engineering, at your Crosley dealer's.

You'll be surprised at the modest-price.

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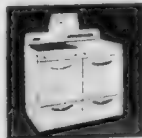
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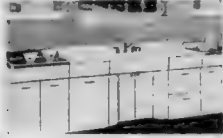
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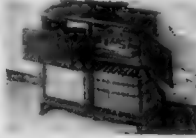
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A Typical Pump Room Table Is Likely to Include Ernie Byfield, Claudette Colbert and Gypsy Rose Lee, Backed, of Course, by a Corps of Flaming Sword Carriers.

Wit of

By Warren Hall

ERNIE BYFIELD is the rich man's Fred Allen. His Alley is Chicago's glittering white-leather-and-blue-paneled Pump Room, over which he presides and where, as he points out, practically everything is served on flaming swords except the host.

In that stratosphere of swank, with celebrities huddled adoringly at his feet, he retails the quips and retells the tales which have caused him to be rated the liveliest raconteur in the hotel business. "They call me a wit," he says ruefully. "So I always give credit lines. It's tough enough to be known as a host."

Byfield is 57 now, with a little less hair and a little more girth, but some of the world's most glamorous women still like to think they have a corner on his affections. Gertrude Lawrence and Paulette Goddard were in Chicago at the same time and waged a bitter feud, each trying to crowd the other out of Byfield's corner in the Pump Room.

"Don't you feel a bit above yourself," Paulette asked, "with two great ladies contending for you?" "Listen, darling," Byfield said, "in a tug of war nobody cares what becomes of the rope."

With his partner, Frank Bering, Byfield owns a controlling interest in three of Chicago's largest hotels: the Sherman, the Ambassador East (which contains the Pump Room) and the Ambassador West. His father, born Joseph Beifeld, came from Prague. He was an outstanding collector of china, glass and silver. He made the Hotel Sherman famous as the home of America's first night club before he died in 1926.

Asked about his own beginning in the hotel

business, Byfield said, "My father owned the Sherman House. I happened to walk into the lobby one day and he took a liking to me."

As a manager, he has a collection of soft words to turn away wrath. Phil Baker, trying vainly to sleep while workmen with pneumatic hammers were tearing up the street outside the Ambassador East, got Byfield on the phone and complained explosively.

"I'm awfully sorry, Phil," Byfield said. "You see, my little boy lost his ball."

George Bradshaw, a writer, was roused one morning by the chattering of sparrows on a balcony outside his room. He phoned Byfield:

"If I've got to be kept awake by Chicago birds, why can't they be thrushes?"

He went back to sleep and awoke an hour later to detect strange new musical notes in the chirping. On the balcony, he found a big bird cage with 10 male canaries. A bellboy brought a note from Byfield:

"These are warblers and we're just out of thrushes. Lily Pons ate the last one in a pie last night."

Such a gastronomic eccentricity wasn't necessarily too improbable, since the Pump Room menu once offered "golden" sturgeon roe at \$20 an ounce.

The decor of the Pump Room is enough to startle the most blasé visitor. Gigantic turbaned waiters, flanked by flunkies, parade to tables with orders of meat spitted on flaming rapiers, producing a spectacle which smacks of a cross between Dante's Inferno and Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

"The customers seem to like it and it doesn't hurt the food very much," Byfield says.

He appears cynical and he once observed that

"only men of the lowest moral character can hope to become successful in the hotel business." But his real opinion of his job has been expressed in more carefully chosen words.

"A hotelman must be a master of opposites, a greeter and a bouncer, a gourmet and an ascetic, pious but ribald, an interior decorator and a bartender. He must understand the arrangement of flowers and the disposal of garbage; should appreciate swing but encourage quiet, be noted as a connoisseur and competent as a plumber; must walk with beauty—but only walk."

SOME of Byfield's reputation as a huckster of hilarity stems from the fact that his Pump Room is located at the continental crossroads, at the spot where Broadway runs into Hollywood Boulevard.

Notables from East and West stop off to exchange stories, and friends phone from either coast or across the ocean to get a laugh from Ernie.

At 3 o'clock one morning Playwright Charles MacArthur phoned Byfield from New York, told him an anecdote that bristled with four-letter words and hung up abruptly. Byfield called him back and said:

"If somebody overhears you talking like that, your phone may be taken out."

"It just was," said MacArthur and hung up again.

When a circus hit Chicago, one of Ernie's friends took the sword swallower from the dime museum to the Pump Room and ordered a double serving of flaming chicken livers en brochette.

This consists of alternate layers of bacon,



Sherman Hotel's College Inn, helped himself to three consecutive plates of bean soup in which slices of frankfurter were floating. "I see," said Byfield, "that you're observing lentil."

When a cylinder head blew out on Eugene McDonald's yacht, Byfield quipped: "Pop goes the Diesel!"

His restaurants give him plenty of material for rags.

"It was so crowded at the College Inn last night that when a fat lady leaned over to pick up something, the waiter said, 'Don't do that, lady; somebody'll throw a tablecloth over you and pull up four chairs.'"

Sometimes it's his health: "My embolism is getting so bad that the last time I played badminton I turned so blue we had to stop the game for a few minutes because my opponents couldn't see me."

And sometimes it's his social engagements: "I had to miss the tea for Lord Halifax because my monocles were at the cleaner's."

When somebody complained about the high price of his caviar, his explanation was, "It's a year's work for a sturgeon."

After the Mee shooting in Havana, Byfield walked into the local strip-tease joint, where Mee's widow danced. "I wanted to see what she was going to take off for mourning," he explained.

Byfield prefers the witticisms of other people. He recalls with delight the time that George Kaufman put the entire front office at the Ambassador East into a state of collapse by calling down from his room and saying "Send a bag up for the boys."

He never stops chuckling over Charlie Butterworth's habit of get-

tentive enough, he attached a love note to the leg of a live squab and had a bellboy take it to her in a taxicab. Miss Anderson was properly impressed, convinced that she was receiving a message by carrier pigeon.

On the fifth, or wooden, anniversary of his separation from his second wife, he sent her a baseball bat.

Native boys on Bimini Island usually learn in advance the identities of important visitors and greet them on arrival with a chant sounding the names. On Byfield's first visit he reached in his pocket for a dollar to toss to the three little natives who were giving him such verbal accolades. He had taken several stiff drinks to ward off sea sickness and, by mistake, threw out a 20-dollar bill. When he arrived the second time, half the population of the island was at the dock to sing him a reception. After which he always referred to himself as the founder and first president of the Bimini Island Choral Society.

Ernie says he knows nothing about music. When somebody asked him what he thought of Shostakovich, he said:

"The Chicago Bears may take him after he graduates from Notre Dame."

At a party Byfield gave for Admiral Byrd, when the guest of honor got up to dance with beautiful Kitty Byfield, the host warned:

"Remember, Admiral, no exploring."

ALMOST anything in a conversation brings up an anecdote about one of Byfield's friends.

"That reminds me," he says, "of the time John Barrymore went into a Chicago department store, selected a fedora and sauntered toward the door, muttering, 'Charge it.' The clerk said, 'Name, please,' and John, startled, thundered, 'Barry more.' 'Spell it, please,' and the great one, his face an interesting purple, did so meticulously. 'First name?' Whereupon the actor slammed his new hat on the floor, stepped on it, shouted, 'Ethel, you polysyllable!'"

Byfield says that when Elaine Barrie was hot on Barrymore's trail, driving him to seclusion and to drink, he covered nightly in his dressing room at the Selwyn with a bottle. Photographers seeking his endorsement of a charity drive, invaded his retreat and one of them took a picture. The bulb exploded with a bang.

"Heaven help us," cried Barrymore, lurching to the door. "My wife's back."



When the Flashbulb Exploded, John Barrymore Thought His Wife Was After Him.

the Pump Room

mushrooms and liver impaled by a small sword, doused with brandy and served flaming. The waiter was asked to bring Mr. Bering and Mr. Byfield to the table.

The host introduced them to his guest who, he said, was a famous gourmet who loved livers en brochette for a particular reason.

"Show Mr. Byfield the reason," said the host. The circus freak removed the livers and swallowed the sword.

ERNIE was married twice, but not very successfully, as witness two of his favorite comments: "If a man loses the most charming wife in the world, he's still not entirely unlucky," and "Children are born single, but don't seem to profit by the experience."

By his first wife, Gladys Rosenthal, a Chicago dress and golf champion, he had two sons, both recently out of the Army. His second, Kathryn Rend, now Mrs. Mervyn Leftoy, bore him a girl and also brought him a daughter by her first husband.

Any or all of the children are likely to show up for a week end at the Byfield farm at Barrington, 36 miles northwest of Chicago, where Ernie spends his holidays in a bathrobe beside a swimming pool, spinning yarns, playing gin rummy and badminton, showing off his collection of ancient fire engines.

Ernie, Jr., has some of his father's sense of humor. On a trip to the West Coast, he sent back a picture postcard of a geyser with the single word: "Burp."

A few of the Byfield wisecracks are puns. At a party given by Col. Fred Levy after a Kentucky Derby, the late Ben Bernie, famed maestro of the

ting into a taxicab and saying "Where to, driver?"

DURING the war the Chicago Herald-American sent Byfield to Europe as a war correspondent. He described himself as the oldest, least agile and most frightened newspaperman at the front.

"The trouble with this business," he complained, "is that regardless of where I go, if it's a good story I won't live to write about it and if I live to write about it, it won't be a good story."

A connoisseur of food, he grieved about his beefless English diet and wrote a friend:

"I've eaten so much game over here that when I passed a bird dog, it pointed" on the menu at Simpson's, a London cafe once famous for roast beef, he queried the waitress:

"Do you happen to know whatever became of Sears?"

He insisted on introducing a friend, Dennis Carroll, as "the Canadian Air Force's leading ace with 14 planes brought down in ruins," and then adding, slowly: "He was flying them all himself."

HE ONCE called Judith Anderson's apartment house and was told there was no answer in her apartment. "Tell Miss Anderson," Byfield instructed, "that this is the end of a beautiful romance." The operator said: "Surely you don't want to leave a message like that?" "Tell Miss Anderson," Byfield reiterated "that this is the end of a beautiful romance, comma, to be resumed the next time I see her."

Once when Judith complained that he wasn't

Byfield tells of the time Bob Benchley lunched on the cuff at the Pump Room, was checked out of his room with a pre-receipted bill, was presented with a bottle of whiskey and a large beefsteak, and then remarked as he left: "You don't suppose, do you, that that cheap so-and-so forgot to pay my cab to the station?"

HIS best Wilson Mizner story concerns Willis Britt, a super-superstitious character who kept a deck of cards around the place and always cut a card before undertaking any venture. If the queen of spades turned up, he was afraid to try anything.

Mizner rigged up a deck of 52 queens of spades, and within a week Britt was in a hospital with tremens. He emerged with his nose in a cast, a condition which Mizner explained:

"Willus' nurse left the door ajar one night and in marched a troupe of Zouaves. They were all two feet high except the captain, who was two feet four. They performed a precision drill on the foot of the bed until the captain barked: 'Fall! Corporal Britt, fall in!' Willis obeyed and the drill continued. 'On the double,' shouted the captain, and the platoon quickly formed in single file and marched right through the keyhole. Corporal Britt tried to follow and broke his nose."

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Norm-Inn, the Popular Night Spot of Beverly Hills, Calif., Was Thought Up by Teen-Agers, Is Being Run by Them, and Decidedly Is a Going Concern.

Teen-Cigers

SOLVING THEIR OWN PROBLEMS

By Elaine St. Johns

GIVEN a bit of help when it's asked for, but not interfered with—and youth will take care of itself.

That's been said many times but it's being proved every day by the Youth Center of Beverly Hills, Cal.

Here is a popular gathering place for teen-agers, approved by their elders. It was thought up by teen-agers and established by them. It is being run by teen-agers.

The only grown-up connected with the place was selected by the teen-agers and is paid by them.

It is a going concern. Asking nothing from parents but good will, it does a little better than break even.

That's on the financial side. What it's worth to youth and to the whole community is for sociologists to say.

Bill Fore, the 17-year-old president of the Beverly Hills High School student body, conceived the idea in 1945. He was enthusiastic, but he was cautious, too. He knew that a lot of people like to start things—then drop them.

He talked the idea over with some of his pals. He thought about it a lot. He decided that before he went any further he'd have to know, for sure, whether his fellow teen-agers wanted a place of their own. He would have to know what kind of

place they wanted, down to details. He would have to know, pretty surely, how strongly they would support such a place.

He drew up a questionnaire and distributed it among his fellow students. It asked a lot of questions.

The answers he got would surprise nobody who knows teen-agers.

One and all wanted a place of their own. They wanted a place where they could have entertainment, music, dancing, and freedom to be their innocent selves.

The place must be accessible without the use of an automobile. The prices must be accessible to teen-age pockets, too. They could be kept so by not selling alcoholic beverages.

So much the answers to the questionnaire revealed. Bill Fore did some more planning.

By this time he was graduated and was taking a pre-ministerial course at University of California at Los Angeles. He had laid the groundwork for the organization of a high school Youth Center, now he stuck with it.

He held a joint meeting of the Parent Teachers Association and the students. He spoke before the Board of Education, the business and professional men's clubs, the women's

clubs. He won the backing of the local newspapers. The various organizations gave their approval.

The club was formed. Beverly High teams are known as the Normans, so the Beverly Hills Youth Center inevitably was nicknamed Norm-Inn. It attained a membership of almost a thousand.

The Board of Education gave the club a room next the "swim-gym" for the canteen, and agreed to lend the gym for dances. The Rotary Club gave them tables, the Kiwanis a juke box. The Lions financed the indirect lighting and two grammar schools raised the money for the bandstand and the amplifier.

The Juniors, a women's club, presented the huge mirror that hangs behind the soft-drink bar. Local merchants contributed phonograph records, hotels gave second-hand furniture. Name bands which, because of union rules, could not give their services free, made big concessions to play for dances.

The club has had such names as Skitch Henderson, Margaret Whiting, King Cole Trio, Johnny Mercer, Hoagy Carmichael, Matty Malneck, Frankie Lane.

Norm-Inn is serviced, policed, cleaned by volunteer teen-agers. For

"adult director," whom the club members pay, the teen-agers selected Frank Sheldon. He is 28, a married man with two children, a graduate student in philosophy at UCLA.

Membership cards are highly popular, for admission to Norm-Inn. Even teachers have to have them, or pay. Ordinarily the charge is 15 cents in the afternoons and 25 cents at night.

Admission to the dances has been as low as 40 cents and as high as 80. Attendance runs between 600 and 800. Only Beverly students and their friends are welcome, because that's all there's room for.

In nearby Pasadena is one of the oldest and most successful youth projects in the country. It, however, was organized for and not by teen-agers.

Twenty-five years ago some of the citizens of Pasadena, under the leadership of Mrs. Wm. B. Munro, started a non-profit youth group which used the city's public tennis courts for dances.

In 1932, the group moved into the new Civic Auditorium, where dances have been held Friday and Saturday nights ever since. Prices started at 25 cents; now they are 40 cents. About 150,000 teen-agers attend the dances in a year.

In 1938 the Pasadena city government took over management of the dances.

That could happen in Beverly Hills, but right now the teen-agers are running the show.

Our regular forum for teen-agers' letters is on Page 36. This week the youngsters are giving their reaction to "that goodnight kiss."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 21

The Luckmans inspect a Model Airplane in the Workshop of Their Home at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Left to Right, Charles, Jr., Stephen, Mrs. Luckman, Charles, Sr., and James.



The Amazing CHARLES LUCKMAN

By Paul I. Murphy

SCORES of California housewives were interviewed in their kitchens about a year ago by a slender, intense young soap company representative.

Some of the women were tolerantly polite, while many banged doors in his face. One matron complained that a competitor's soap "wouldn't suds-up properly."

The young man challenged this. He rolled up his sleeves and went to the sink to find out for himself. The woman was right. She cracked: "Young man, you have a lot to learn about the soap business."

As he was departing, the woman asked his name. He replied, "Charles Luckman."

Yes, Charles Luckman, named by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of the ten outstanding young business executives of the nation, and president of soap manufacturing Lever Brothers Company, part of one of the biggest business enterprises in the world, operates in unorthodox ways in his constant quest to keep improving his company's numerous products.

The 37-year-old jet-propelled wonder boy of U. S. sales promotion has risen at breath-taking speed from a poor architect to one of the highest paid men in the country as president of a company with 880 affiliate factories throughout the world.

He also wields a tremendous influence in the radio entertainment world, employing such stars as Bob

Hope, Amos and Andy, Joan Davis, Aunt Jenny, and the Lux Radio Theatre.

Luckman lays his swift rise, like a bar of soap leaping out of a bath's suds, to: Breaks, Courage, Ability.

One of the faculties which Mr. Luckman has drawn on, since he has become president of Lever Brothers Company, is his ability to criticize big business and make them recognize the fact that it is only constructive criticism.

Luckman's main ambition, right now, is his personal campaign to bring about an armistice between management and labor.

He assails certain business practices and pleads for a program to raise the standard of living by 100 per cent for the average worker by 1970.

He contends that "if we could progress as a nation during the last 30 years from an average wage of 24 cents an hour to \$1.11 an hour, then, during the next generation as a nation, we should be able to increase average hourly earnings from \$1.11 to \$2.22."

His goal includes a retirement system for all to keep up the buying power of those over 65; reduction of the workweek below 40 hours; increased opportunities for education and recreation; and other improvements in the status of workers.

His creed is: "Business exists so that people may live. People do not live in order that business may exist."

Luckman practices what he preaches. He has instituted all sorts of improvements within his company. Wages have been increased, labor-management relations strengthened, and employment conditions, generally, vastly improved.

A luxurious cafeteria has been established within the company's main building, where about 1,000 employees and executives dine side-by-side. The company absorbs the entire operating cost of the cafeteria, and the average luncheon cost, since the cafeteria has been in operation, is 38 cents.

Chuck Luckman's concern for the little guy is genuine because it isn't so long ago when he was a little guy himself. Born in Kansas City, on May 16, 1909, he began contributing to the family income at the age of nine. He worked his way through high school and college.

In 1927, he entered the University of Illinois to study architecture. When he graduated in 1931 he took the state examinations for an architect's license and received such high marks that in June, 1931, he was granted a license to practice architecture in the State of Illinois.

"All this was very nice," he explains, "except that an architect had as much chance of persuading someone to build anything in 1931 as he

would have of building an igloo in the Sahara." So he hurled himself into a career selling soap.

Never did he dream that 15 years later he would be handling \$200,000,000 in annual sales, \$12,000,000 in net profits, and \$300,000 in salary checks made out to himself as president of a giant soap, shortening, toothpaste, and tea company.

Meanwhile, he had married an attractive coed from the University of Illinois, the former Miss Harriet McElroy, the girl who was to become mother of his three sons.

Within three and one-half years, he was manager of Colgate's six-state office at Cincinnati, Ohio. His ability attracted the attention of Albert Lasker and Kenneth Smith, owners of Pepsodent.

Consequently, they made Luckman sales manager. Pepsodent toothpaste was good, everyone agreed, but it was turning up on an increasing number of drugstore counters as a "loss leader," and the National Retail Druggists' Association was on the verge of boycotting it.

Luckman went to a national druggists' convention and persuaded them to call off the hounds. He donated \$25,000 to open a fund to establish fair trade practices. As a result, two years later fair trade practice was enacted into federal law.

He was promoted rapidly. In 1943 Luckman became president of Pepsodent, and about two and one-half years ago, when Lever Brothers bought out Pepsodent, he went along with the deal.

Chuck Luckman arrives at his office every day at 8:30; oftentimes working straight through lunch hour and remaining on the job until 8 P. M. He grinds away many a Saturday and Sunday, too.

Luckman spends two or three weeks a year at his large ranch in California, "The Lucky 5," named for his wife, three sons and himself. The ranch is in the Laguna Mountains, 100 miles outside of Los Angeles, near the town of Julian.

There he gets his relaxation, not inactively, but by riding with the cowboys and pitching in with the work with the same zeal he shows while in the whirl of business.

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Ask for your favorite brand in the new **Duraglas Ultra-Vac Jar**

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

By Ray Doyle

SMALLPOX is a scourge so contagious and deadly that when the word goes out, "Smallpox death in town!" a whole city catches its breath.

That word went out in New York this spring. In that great metropolis where for a generation vaccination had stamped out the blight and lifted life expectancy, smallpox struck.

The appalling threat of an epidemic arose, and grew. An epidemic there, officials knew, might mean a country-wide pandemic.

The way the crisis developed, and the way it was met, will be recorded in public health annals long after our time. It will shine.

The story begins in a bus station in Mexico City, with overtones of drama even at the start.

To the bus station, on February 25, went a taciturn, middle-aged couple, Eugene La Bar, a Mexican importer, and Helen La Bar, his wife. It was early morning, and before 8 o'clock they boarded a big trans-continental bus, bound north. They didn't speak to other passengers, and they didn't speak much to each other.

At 8 o'clock the bus pulled out. There was some general chatter and nearly everyone seemed in a good mood. Mr. and Mrs. La Bar kept to themselves.

The course was north, and east, for hours and for days, with here and there stops for food, stops at comfort stations, but so far as the La Bars were concerned no stop for an overnight hotel, for they slept on the bus.

At Monterrey, Mexico, they alighted and dined; again at Laredo, Texas, also at a roadside diner between Laredo and Dallas.

At Dallas there was a brief stop, but no food, and the bus hurtled on. Still the La Bars kept to themselves; they weren't mysterious, the others said later, merely uncommunicative.

No one knew why they were going north, and no one, of course, knew that incubating in the dark, silent person of the Mexican importer was a menace not only to his own life but possibly to the lives of multitudes.

At St. Louis, all got out for food, at Cincinnati they stopped but didn't eat; Pittsburgh was a food stop. Then, again, the bus plunged on, and New York lay ahead.

Some passengers, during the trip, alighted and disappeared, nameless, forever. The bus took on other passengers on the way. Here and there, someone wanted to board, and, ticketless, couldn't.

One eager young woman on the last lap, stood waiting at the roadside, hoping for a short haul. The bus swept by her. Some force she'll never know about saved her from a ride, perhaps beside stricken, doomed Eugene La Bar.

For four days, the bus veered northward, and on the last day, La Bar, shaken and fevered, took one medicine and another. He didn't know what for. He knew he was sick.

Suddenly, the bus seat was his world. Even his silent wife was alien. He bowed his head and drew in his shoulders. All through him, a dull fire smoldered.

In Mexico City, he had started obscurely, a little importer going north. Now, although he was unaware, he had a mission. He was

Smallpox, one of the deadliest of all communicable diseases, was stamped out by vaccination so long ago that many modern doctors, without experience in handling its victims, fail to detect its onset from the symptoms.

Chills, high fever, backache and headache mark the beginning of smallpox, as they do many other diseases.

From the second to the fifth day, eruptions appear: first solid and usually conical; then navel-shaped and holding fluid; finally pustules, which drop off, leaving scars.

Incubation from time of exposure varies from 5 to 31 days, but usually 14 to 21 days. There is no treatment, but vaccination is, practically, a sure preventative. New York's millions learned that the new vaccine was painless and not the bloodthirsty operation of earlier days.



When Prospective Riders Were Passed by a Cross-Continent Bus, They Missed a Possible Ride With Death, for One of the Passengers Was Doomed: He Carried the Menace of a Smallpox Epidemic to New York.

carrying smallpox to the biggest population in America.

On the night of March 1—the four-day ride over—the bus rolled into Manhattan. The La Bars alighted and went to a great hotel with thousands of guests. La Bar grew worse, but four days passed before a fright fell on him and his wife.

She took him to Bellevue Hospital March 5.

In the emergency ward doctors saw he had a rash.

Another day passed, and on March 6 specialists made tests, held their tongues, and rushed data to the New York Health Department and to the United States Army Medical School in Washington.

Early the morning of the 12th day of this story there was no doubt. Washington and New York agreed. This was smallpox.

Before dawn, Eugene La Bar was taken by ambulance to the Willard Parker Hospital for Communicable Diseases. Mrs. La Bar was called in. "When were you vaccinated?"

"As a child."

She was vaccinated again.

"What hotel have you been stopping at?" She named it. The Health

Department was told. Mayor William O'Dwyer was told. The public health forces of the greatest city began to go into action. Every employee, and guest, at that hotel, who hadn't recently been vaccinated, received vaccine.

March 10, the 15th day of this story, La Bar died of smallpox.

An autopsy was performed; the finding was that La Bar died from "hemorrhagic bronchitis," typical in smallpox. He was cremated. The health men moved back along his trail. Bus riders were traced and vaccinated. Patients in the hospitals where he had been confined were watched. Then the dreaded next blow fell. The second smallpox case.

A fellow hospital patient in the Bellevue ward with La Bar was stricken. Then his wife, who had visited him—Mrs. Carmen Acosta, 26, an expectant mother—fell ill, and hers was the second death—after the baby was born.

New York's Mayor O'Dwyer and its Health Commissioner, Dr. Israel Weinstein, an authority on viruses, took action on the theory that a city had to be saved.

"Almost all adults have not been vaccinated since they were children,

Smallpox!

and the vaccine can't be effective usually more than a few years," the Commissioner said. "We're at the mercy of this, and perhaps the country."

"Use every resource," said Mayor O'Dwyer.

The Board of Health, composed of eminent physicians, called on drug manufacturers to rush to New York every available dose of vaccine.

The Mayor called in the Commissioners of Fire, Hospitals, Police.

"Open the police stations for vaccinations," he said. "Open the fire houses and the health centers. Call on the private hospitals to help and the private physicians."

The Army and Navy sped vaccine by plane. So did the United States Public Health Service. Drug stores stocked up. Private physicians took care of their own patients.

Mayor O'Dwyer summoned representatives of the seven largest vaccine makers to his office.

"New York demands seven million doses of smallpox vaccine at once," he said.

"I want no stalling. I have an order from the United States Public Health Service to move vaccine here in bulk. Here are seven telephones. I want each of you to start getting us the answers at once."

They got it.

Now, with La Bar dead, and Mrs. Acosta dead, and the new-born infant fighting for life, four more persons fell ill, through Acosta contacts: a year-old child and three men.

Through another hospital contact with La Bar, another child caught the plague and carried it to a convalescent home in Millbrook, N. Y., there to give it to a nun and two more children.

"Twelve cases, and no known treatment for the thing, no way to fight it but by vaccination," said Mayor O'Dwyer.

"Mass vaccination is the only answer," said Dr. Weinstein.

The Mayor ordered it. His commissioners began to carry it out.

"There must be no panic," the Mayor said. "But the need must be shown."

The greatest mass immunization ever undertaken gained momentum.

"Ten million persons vaccinated that is the goal," the Mayor said. "The cost to the city: probably \$750,000. This will care for 8,000,000 residents; 2,000,000 coming in, and out from Connecticut, New Jersey, Long Island, and outside."

No citizen had to pay for the public service; none was asked any thing except, "What's your name?"

That staved off the epidemic. It saved the city. The Pocked Death vanished. Mrs. La Bar, the sad wife of the Pocked Death's carrier, took another bus—this time to relatives in New England.



Mayor William O'Dwyer, Whose Order for Mass Immunization Saved His City.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

The Man Who Said He Couldn't Walk Was Johnny-on-the-Spot When the Pretty Blonde Tripped and Fell on the Sidewalk Near His House.



I FILM THE FAKERS

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

By Sam Huffman

As Told by a Veteran Film Sleuth

THE plaintiff wanted \$100,000. His back had been injured in an accident and he said he was disabled for life. He had a kindly, honest face, a straightforward manner, a doctor's certificate attesting total disability and a smart lawyer. His case looked like a cinch until the courtroom was darkened and the jurors watched a movie film I had taken. Then they returned a verdict for the insurance company.

That's my business—detecting false insurance claims. I've been doing it for 18 years.

When I got the goods on the man who wanted \$100,000 for a minor and temporary injury, the trial was only three days away. The insurance company, suspecting that he was a phony, had put me on the case on December 1. It was in upper New York State and the weather was bitter. For 29 days my assistant and I watched his home, a modest white bungalow perched on a hillside in a three-acre plot.

We had inserted a short piece of 5-inch pipe through a stone wall near the house to provide a permanent peekhole and to allow for free movement of the telescopic lens on my movie camera.

Twice we had seen the claimant hobbling on crutches, mighty convincingly, but on the morning of December 30 he walked boldly to the barn, reappeared with a saw, shovel and pick and tossed them on the ground near a dead tree.

He was completely at ease, apparently believing that with the trial so near there was no fear of being spied upon. He worked busily all afternoon and I was just as busy recording the evi-

dence on the film that was to be his undoing.

Feigned back injuries seem to be favored because they are hard to diagnose and even harder to disprove. I remember the case of a man who claimed he couldn't walk because of an injury. He had a curious way of scooting along on the floor or ground in a sitting position, using his heels and hands for locomotion.

The insurance company rented the house next to his and I pretended I was a handyman reconditioning the property. I kept my camera on the porch behind an ivy trellis but all I got was pictures of the supposed cripple weeding his lawn in his accustomed cramped posture. I noticed, though, that he had an unusually attentive eye for all attractive women who passed, so I hired a pretty blonde and told her what to do.

The next morning, as he weeded, the blonde strolled by. As she passed the house she tripped and fell, then lay on the sidewalk moaning and clutching her ankle. My quarry jumped to his feet, helped her up, steadied her while she rubbed her knee and stood watching as she limped down the street. Then, remembering his act, he dropped to the lawn. He was laughed out of court.

Sometimes this sort of work gets me into tight places. My closest call was while I was parked in the rear of a chartered moving van with my camera lens protruding through a crack and focusing on a man only 20 feet away who had momentarily forgotten to be a cripple. When the camera started clicking he realized immediately what was happening. He pulled a gun and fired five shots through the truck before the driver sped around a corner.

On another occasion I stood on the street at

the top of a long flight of steps and photographed a claimant as he climbed them nimbly. As he neared the top I jumped into a car and raced away.

I wasn't frightened then but I was when I developed the film. It had caught my friend looking at the camera as he approached and you could see the flash of understanding and his rage as he yanked a knife from his pocket, bounded up the last few steps and let it fly just as the picture ended. I had been so excited myself that I had failed to observe his fury.

Occasionally my work embarrasses me as well as those I catch off guard. A doctor in a Midwest town claimed he had a permanent stiff neck as the result of a car collision. I hired a boy to explode a large firecracker under a tin can as the doctor passed. My camera, hidden behind some bushes, caught him with his head thrown back, watching the can in the air.

Years later I told the story at a dinner party. A man sitting across the table glared and said, "I'm the man you photographed."

Sometimes I find myself indignant at the claimant or feeling sorry for him. Once I sat in a tree every day for a week and watched a farmer limp slowly across his place on crutches.

Finally I climbed out of the tree and walked over to the farmhouse for a drink of water. The farmer thought I was an electrician working on a near-by power line. We sat and talked, and he told me all about his accident and how it had crippled him. I was happy to turn in a favorable report. The claim was paid without further argument and the money provided surgical treatment which eventually enabled my genial host to discard his crutches.

June 1, 1947

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 27

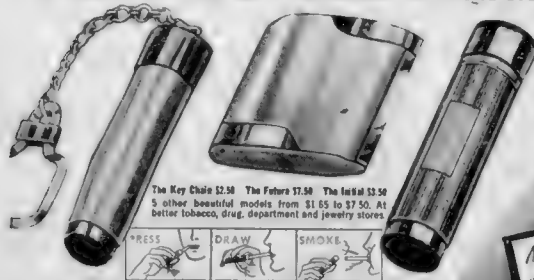
Sensational Wind Test Shows* **ONLY LEKTROLITE LIGHTS CIGARETTES IN 65-MILE GALE**



*** AFFIDAVIT OF
ATTESTING NOTARY**
On March 17, 1947, at the Lakehurst, N. J.,
Naval Air Station, I witnessed identical tests of
eight flame-type lighters and a Lektrolite flame-
less cigarette lighter.
The test was conducted in the port engine
propeller stream of a former Navy dirigible.
Wind velocity was recorded at over 65 M.P.H.
Not one of the flame-type lighters ignited a
cigarette during the test. The Lektrolite lighter
lit every cigarette without a failure.
Signed *Arthel Graham*
A Notary Public of N. J.

Lektrolite performs in propeller stream of ex-Navy Douglas Edghe Dirigible.

Now! IMPROVED ACTION. SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE. IT'S SURE.
IT'S SIMPLE. IT'S THE MOST DEPENDABLE LEKTROLITE EVER MADE.



LEKTROLITE*
The Flameless Cigarette Lighter

Meet Miss Lektrolite...
the girl you see participating in the dra-
matic Wind Test. You may run across her
some windy day. She may offer to light
your cigarette with a Lektrolite in a gusty
spot where no other cigarette lighter will
work. Watch for her in Lektrolite adver-
tising... and in person!

**Lashing fury of
man-made hurricane provides
most gruelling and
convincing test ever imposed
on cigarette lighters!**

Conducted in the terrific propeller blast of a huge ex-Navy dirigible, every phase of this impartial and dramatic test was witnessed and attested by a notary public. (See affidavit.)

Nine different, well-known lighters were put through the ordeal. They included the Lektrolite Flameless Cigarette Lighter and eight so-called "windproof," flame-type lighters. All were stock models in perfect condition.

The result? Lektrolite's eight competitors failed to light a single cigarette!

But Lektrolite, the only flameless, the really windproof lighter, lit cigarette after cigarette in that raging 65-mile gale — without a failure!

The reason? Lektrolite works on an amazingly different principle. There's no flint...no wick...no wheel...to get out of order. There's no spark. No flame. Nothing to blow out. Just touch cigarette to lighter...draw...and smoke. Get a Lektrolite...and you get a light when you want a light!



CINDERELLA

Trotter

By Dan Parker

SAM, a farmhand, employed in Deckerstown, N. J., was seeking only happiness for himself on Christmas Eve, 1863, when he eloped on horseback to Trenton, with his girl Sally, but en route, he discovered the most remarkable mare that ever munched a mouthful of oats. Her name is recorded on the equine honor roll as Goldsmith Maid.

Harness-racing fans of this age will hardly believe that Goldsmith Maid is outranked as a money-winner by only eight horses, all of them thoroughbreds, who earned their pile in this Golden Age of the Turf, whereas The Maid was a trotter who raced for chicken feed, back in the Reconstruction Era.

Goldsmith Maid was a farm horse until she was six. She raced only once up to her eighth year. She turned in her fastest mile at the age of 19. For seven years she ruled the trotting world as champion. At the age of 20 when she trotted her last race, she still had enough speed left to win without exerting herself.

Over her grave in the Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J., is a marker reading: "Here lies Goldsmith Maid, Queen of Trotters for seven years. Born in Sussex County, 1857, died here Sept. 23, 1885. Best record, 2:14, made at Boston in 1876. Earned \$364,200, the world's record (Ed. note it remained so for all classes of horses until Sun Beau broke it in 1931). Driven by Budd Doble. Owned by Henry N. Smith."

Goldsmith Maid's destiny was mapped out the day John Decker, a Deckerstown farmer, saw a mare drawing the cart of an itinerant hat peddler named J. Vermerule. The animal caught Decker's fancy and he bought her for \$100.

Decker bred the mare to Alexander's Abdalah and named the resulting foal, The Maid. From the start, she was a wild little creature, shying away from everyone on the Decker farm but Sam, the chore boy. Decker had hopes of breaking his spirited filly to harness but gave it up in despair after the little madcap had kicked the slats out of a half dozen buggies. Thereafter, he let the untamed creature run wild on the farm. The Maid must have become an Old Maid on the Decker farm had not tender sentiment overpowered Sam on Christmas Eve, 1863. Hopping on The Maid's bare back and restraining her only with a rope halter, he set out for the neighboring farm where Sally labored in the scullery.

A low whistle brought Sally to her window and a whispered command from her Romeo did the rest. In a jiffy, Sally was clinging for dear life to Sam's middle as The Maid galloped over the frozen country roads to Trenton where a preacher was roused from his comfortable feather bed.

Then The Maid served as a non-stop honeymoon express back to Deckerstown where Sam broke two pieces of news. He announced his marriage to Sally and told his employer that The Maid was the fastest horse he had ever encountered.

Decker was unimpressed, but Sam himself won the wherewithal for Sally's bridal wardrobe by engaging in races for side wagers, with The Maid, on the country roads around Deckerstown, after working hours. Word of her speed spread around the countryside and soon Sam's profitable sideline was abolished when Mr. Decker sold The Maid to his nephew, John H. Decker, for \$350.

Young Decker had hopes of breaking The Maid to harness but gave up after the third buggy had been kicked into kindling and soon by Sam's profitable and was glad to unload her on Jersey Bill Thompson for \$460.

Jersey Bill trained trotters and

swore the horse didn't live that he couldn't break. The Maid almost broke Jersey Bill before he succeeded in making good his boast. He entered The Maid in a trotting race at a country fair and had the satisfaction of seeing her win it. Unfortunately, no record exists of this first victory.

Then Thompson heard that a trotting man named Alden Goldsmith of Washingtonville, N. Y., near Newburgh, was in the market for a fast stepper. He and his partner, Billy Bodine, hitched The Maid up to an old buggy and drove off to "York State" with her.

The Maid's reputation had preceded her and Goldsmith demanded a three-year demonstration. The Maid behaved like a little girl at her first Sunday School picnic, so Goldsmith peeled off \$1,000 for The Maid and the buggy to which she was hitched. Goldsmith renamed the mare Goldsmith Maid and engaged Billy Bodine to train her.

At the age of eight, Goldsmith raced her for the first time and she took both heats of the event at Goshen to win the \$100 purse. Her time was 2:36 and 2:37—not too bad for those days before the pneumatic tire and bicycle wheel had been adapted to the racing sulky. Goldsmith raced her for four years with success and

Illustrated by LEE CONREY



There Was Something About the Hat Peddler's Mare That Caught John Decker's Fancy. He Looked Her Over Carefully and Bought Her for \$100.

thought he was turning a neat transaction when he disposed of his \$1,000 bargain for \$15,000 to Bud Doble and Barney Jackman.

Actually he was selling a gold mine after picking the nuggets off the surface. Doble and Jackman cleaned up over \$100,000 with the mare in two years. Even they underestimated her capabilities.

They might have guessed at this by checking on her speed records. At the age of eight her best time was 2:36. Three years later, as an 11-year-old, she was trotting the mile in 2:22½. Another year and she had cut it to 2:19¼.

By the time she was 14, and Doble and Jackman were getting ready to sell her she had cut the mark to 2:17. They found a ready buyer that year in Henry N. Smith of Trenton who gave \$38,000 for the mare, now grown docile as a lamb. Smith had intended to retire her to the stud. But since she showed no signs of slowing up, he continued to race her until she was 20.

During those years she won over \$80,000 for Smith and cut her time to 2:14½ at the age of 17 and 2:14 at 19. She was undefeated from 1871 through 1874 and, though losing one

race in 1875, remained the champion.

In her career, she trotted 426 heats and won 350 of them. In 123 separate races she finished first 97 times, second 16, third 7, fourth once and unplaced twice.

Goldsmith Maid's most remarkable achievement, however, was to upset all the accepted ideas about trotting horses. She didn't start racing until the age when most trotters are through with the track. She improved with the years instead of slowing up. Students of the science of breeding have spent their lives trying in vain to bring about results that Farmer Decker stumbled upon through a glance at a passing peddler's nag.

In the last race of her career at Toledo, Goldsmith Maid beat the best stake horses then trotting. She might have gone on for several more races, but Mr. Smith wanted to breed her, in hopes of getting another prize. She had three foals, one of which died as a yearling. The other two, Roseland and Strangler 3030, met with only fair success on the track.

At the age of 28 Goldsmith Maid caught pneumonia and died. Obviously, Sam, the farm boy, should have saddled her on his honeymoon night to protect her from the cold.

By Peter Levins

"There Can Be No Punishment"

THE plan to imprison Harry Thaw in an asylum for the insane moved into high gear immediately after his shooting of Stanford White June 25, 1906. It never relaxed.

From the very beginning, Thaw wanted the whole truth told and the case tried on its merits as a justifiable homicide. But in the words of William C. Dannenberg, confidant and adviser, "He didn't know what he was up against."

White, guiding spirit of a coterie of wealthy, well-protected libertines, had killed Evelyn Nesbit in her 17th year, and Thaw killed him at a moment when the world-renowned architect was setting a trap for still another in his long succession of victims and conspiring to have Thaw killed.

Thaw believed he had done right to destroy such a creature. He felt that a properly-informed jury would agree with him.

But the truth was what White's panic-stricken associates most dreaded.

These men (and half-men), who spoke no word for White after his death—thereby damning his memory and themselves—desperately wanted Thaw hustled into an asylum before the lid blew off and bared "the naked body of their sins."

Thaw did not realize it, but he was alone. Even members of his own family dreaded what might be revealed if all the facts came out. (His brother Joe tied up his funds in Pittsburgh.)

Not until his mother hastened back from England on July 14—she had been aboard a transatlantic liner at the time of the shooting—did the prisoner in the Tombs win an influential supporter to his side.

Her first act was to dismiss his original lawyers, stating:

"After fully considering the question, I have decided my son's position is the right one."

So there was a trial—two trials, in fact. But even then the conspirators managed to hamstring Thaw's defense.

WHITE'S companions remained unnamed and unexposed; Evelyn's account of her experience with Stanford White was subjected to relentless attack. She had to undergo eight days of sharp cross-examination.

District Attorney William Travers Jerome took the view, in the first trial, that Evelyn's story was a tissue of lies; in the second, he made a complete about-face and declared that he believed her.

Jerome also changed his attitude repeatedly, whenever the occasion suited his purpose, regarding Thaw's sanity.

This case—the most dynamite-loaded homicide in American history—finally reached court on Jan. 23, 1907.

Delphin M. Delmas, noted West Coast attorney who had been retained at a cost of \$50,000, favored—along with Thaw—an "unwritten law" defense.

Other legal generals in the Thaw camp opposed this, asserting that such a plea would be ineffectual because the offense against Evelyn had been committed more than four years before the shooting.

The moment of the trial the whole world was waiting for came on Thursday, Feb. 7, when Evelyn Nesbit Thaw took the witness stand "and proceeded to tell one of the most astonishing stories ever heard in a New York court."

She never faltered, but that was not because her cross-examiner did not try to confuse her.

Jerome could not entrap her, and in the second trial—the first having ended in a deadlocked jury—he declared in open court:

"The terrible story that she told on the stand is, in my judgment, true. I did not think so once I think so now."

In this second trial, which began on Jan. 6, 1908, Jerome told the jury:

"If he [Thaw] killed for it and killed quick, he could have been forgiven."

"That there was such a place in 24th St. as she has described, is as true as you sit there and I stand here. That it was maintained by a miserable lot of degenerates, some of whom are living today in this town, is true."

"That it was maintained as a coarse, gross place . . . is as true as I stand here and you sit there. And I say if it was the issue that we are trying here, whether Stanford White deserved it—we might not differ . . ."

"EVEN though White is dead, it never becomes me or anyone else to say one word in his defense. His relations with this girl, 17 years old, cry out to Heaven for condemnation."

"If it was not a matter for the administration of law so important in a civilized community, I for one would say to you, gentlemen, that Stanford White came to a deserved death."

Jerome, contesting the insanity defense relied upon by Thaw's legal lights, asked the jury:

"Is it anything very crazy to take a pistol to defend yourself against a man who . . . threatens to kill you before morning because you went off with the woman that he threatened to take away from you?"

"No one has contended that for the two years nearly that he has been in the Tombs he has been crazy. Honorable counsel does not contend

The Harry Thaw

that he sits there a crazy man, or that he sat there a crazy man a year ago.

"You saw the defendant's mother on the stand in her age and her sorrow and in her sickness. Did she impress you as a truth-telling woman? She did me."

"It seemed to me that not even to save the life of this boy, the child born to her in the hour of sorrow, would she have lied."

"I take it that every man who heard her testimony could not help but be touched by it . . . Do you think, gentlemen of the jury, when you look at Mrs. William Thaw on the stand, that she is the type of woman that would allow an insane son to marry?"

"Was the mother asked whether for the 36 years of life, this man's life, she knew of an occasion when in her opinion his conduct impressed her as irrational? She was not."

"Did Roger O'Mara, when he was chief of

detectives of Pittsburgh, advise an insane man to carry a pistol?"

"When he told him, O'Mara, and got his advice about carrying a pistol, did Roger O'Mara advise an insane man to do it?"

Referring to the fact that Thaw played bridge whilst at a club a few hours before the killing, the prosecutor continued:

"These men were playing for money, and this defendant seemed to hold his own with the best players there. Do you think these men would deliberately sit down and take money from a lunatic?"

"Think as badly of some of them as you may, do you think that these men, many of them men of high standing in the community—do you think they would sit down and play with an irrational person and take money from him playing cards?"

The foreman of the jury in this second trial spoke the words, "Not guilty," but that was not all he said. He added, "because of insanity."

By this verdict, some thought, the jury freed Thaw. That is what the jury believed it had done.

But the vengeful State of New York used that verdict as an excuse to put him away in the New York State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan.

In commenting on this years later, Ex-Gov. Horace Boies of Iowa, who had been admitted to the New York Bar in 1849, remarked:



STORY

"We need not consider Thaw's indolence or trials, except to notice that where similar provocation existed, no severer verdict than manslaughter has ever been obtained, which carries with it a limited sentence."

"Thaw has endured far greater suffering during years in a horrible madhouse, although under New York law he should not have been punished, for the Court of Appeals of that state held in his case that 'there can be no punishment for him who has been acquitted'."

BUT within the law or without the law, Court of Appeals or no Court of Appeals, Harry Thaw remained a prisoner.

Prosecutor Jerome—and all the devious forces known and unknown, official and unofficial, which he represented—had triumphed. Editor Arthur Brisbane's prophecy, made in the New York Journal, had come true.

Men known to be guilty of grave offenses had been protected and Thaw had been put away. It was not until Aug. 17, 1913, that he again breathed the air of freedom. That was the day he escaped.

Thaw fled from Matteawan after repeated legal efforts had failed.

He did not sense it then, and perhaps not for many years, but there was to be no real release for him this side of the grave he now occupies in his native Pittsburgh.

He had spent 19 months in Tombs prison. He had endured more than six years in the state asylum, where—as he remarked later—he suffered more in any one week than in all the time he passed in the Tombs.

Meanwhile he had lost not only his freedom but also the woman for whose honor and safety he had extinguished a life.

IN June, 1909, when Thaw tried to establish his sanity in a court hearing in White Plains, N. Y., Evelyn openly arrayed herself against him. Three years later, in the spring of 1912, she contended that her two-year-old son, born in Germany, was Thaw's child, asserting that she

The Washington Times

HARRY THAW ESCAPES FROM MATTEAWAN ASYLUM IN 80-HORSEPOWER AUTOMOBILE

LIVES DENIES CALL HIS SONS
HEARD—MAY 17, 1913

Harry Thaw As He Looked Last May, Says

APRIL 17, 1913

had been allowed to visit him in Matteawan.

Thaw's reaction had been one of unequivocal denial.

"Naturally, after her testimony against me in White Plains, even our business relations were strained and formal," he said. "Much as I might welcome a son, I cannot claim this child's parentage."

As long as he lived, though he was to forgive Evelyn after the divorce in 1916, though he was to provide her with a residence in Atlantic City and a monthly income of \$300 and though he was to leave her \$10,000 in his will, he never would admit that Russell Thaw, as the mother called him, was his son.

Thaw's escape from the asylum, in a car that sometimes touched 80 miles an hour, made sensational headlines all over the world. Much of the excitement, it should be noted, grew out of the fact that, in the years since the shooting, the public's picture of Thaw had become distorted beyond all identification with the truth.

People reading about his flight imagined, not an ordinary, normal fellow human desperately fighting for his rights, but a homicidal maniac running amuck. Nobody saw him as a frantic solitary creature pursued and persecuted by members of his own species.

He got into Canada, and he hoped there to continue his uphill struggle for vindication. But the Canadian authorities, pressed by Thaw's Nemesis, Jerome, hustled him back over the border, and he was quickly run down.

Even so, he never went back to Matteawan. Ituled sane in New Hampshire, he was tried in New York and acquitted of conspiracy in connection with his escape. Then, in July, 1915, he was adjudged sane after a hearing before New York Supreme Court Justice Peter A. Hendrick.

Now, one would suppose, he was really free. But this was an illusion.

The pursuit, in one form or another, continued. Many individuals kept alive the fictions about him, and schemers set traps for him.



Thaw as Member of Winchester, Va., Fire Company and (Above) His Escape Headlines.

Generous and sympathetic by nature, philanthropic by family tradition and heritage, pictured continually as a wealth-bloated fool without judgment or restraint—or even adequate protection—he seemed to larcenously-inclined individuals the very epitome of a dupe.

THIS was a phase of his life and character known only to a few—which he could never get away from. He could not do this because he would not abandon his impulse to help worthy persons, usually underprivileged youngsters.

"He was victimized time and time again," Dannenberg recalls, "but it never embittered him. He always said that if out of the 20 to 40 letters he received every day, two or three proved to be legitimate, he didn't much care what the others cost him. Usually he could pick out the worthy ones better than anyone around him."

He could pick them out, and apparently he never forgot those who had helped him or been friendly or were otherwise deserving. His will named more than 120 persons, of high and low degree—some for as much as \$40,000, some for \$5.

There were neighbors at Winchester and Bolton, old friends in France and Germany, servants, the volunteer fire department, physicians, the Salvation Army. The rest of the estate was to go to his sister, Alice Thaw Whitney, and his nephew, Laurence Copley Thaw, in equal parts.

But he was not infallible. Some of the schemers were fiendishly clever; he could not see all the traps. That was why, eventually, Dannenberg was called in: to seek out the schemers and make harmless their well-laid snares.

Meanwhile, in early 1917, after less than two years of freedom, there were fresh headlines:

Thaw Accused of Attacking Youth, 19.

Thaw Again Ruled Insane.

Thaw Committed to Asylum in Philadelphia.

This time he remained a prisoner until April 1924, the 53d year of his life.

Shortly afterward, on the advice of Dannenberg, he quit his residence in New York and bought a country estate near Winchester, Va.

There for many years he lived in retirement.

"Nobody there could see anything wrong with him," says Dannenberg. "The fact is, of course, that there wasn't anything wrong with him. He belonged to the most exclusive club in Winchester and played cards there with some of the leading citizens of Virginia."

But the myth persisted, and to the public he was still "Mad Harry Thaw" when he died.

As for Evelyn, he continued to cherish her memory as one cherishes the memory of a bride long since dead.

FOLT him—though he saw her but once or twice in those fading after-years—she was still the beautiful, unprotected child he had loved.

Investigator Dannenberg relates this story.

Thaw, visiting Dannenberg's office on W. Monroe St., Chicago, noticed a wall calendar which featured the face of a very pretty girl.

Old now and gray, and in uncertain health, he stood before it a long while, and when it turned away, there were tears in his eyes.

"She reminds me of Miss Evelyn," he said.

Next week Peter Levins will resume his stories from the Album of Famous Mysteries.



Evelyn Took the Stand on Feb. 7, 1907, and "Proceeded to Tell One of the Most Astonishing Stories Ever Heard in a New York Court."

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY



TO PRESSURE COOK WITH THE KROMEX PRESSURE COOKER

A child can find the arrow . . . and that's all you have to do. Turn on the steam, or let it out, at will. Cold-water dousing, no waiting to cool. Open at any time to see how your meat is cooking . . . or to add last-minute vegetables. It's as simple to use as any saucepan . . . as safe as a teakettle. It's child's play . . . it's fun! Enjoy more leisure and better living . . . with this Kromex . . . Palmer's wonderful new People Book, and the Kromex Pressure Cooker.



Kromex PRESSURE COOKER
Enduringly beautiful

Engl. neatly, quick-heating steam, open, and safety handles . . . see the new Kromex at your dealer's.

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A child's dinner in 25 minutes!



Find it! It's easy, like play!



One twist of the lid closes it safe.



Turn the arrow to 10 lbs. pressure.



Start timing at the first little hiss!



Turn arrow to "Vent" in 25 minutes.



Lid off, serve it right at the table!

THINKING YOUR WAY OUT OF QUANDARIES

Illustrated by
LARRY BRINKMAN

By Wendell Johnson

Director, The Psychological and Speech Clinic, State University of Iowa, and Author of the Recent Book, "People in Quandaries."

THERE seemed no obvious reason why Larry Graceland should come to my office and ask me to "take his case."

He was handsome, popular, president of his fraternity and from all outward appearances apparently destined for a successful career, whereas, in the Clinic, we deal with speech problems and personality quibbles.

Through the comparatively new approach called general semantics, which, to put it simply, is the science and art of straight thinking, clear speaking and sane living, we help insecure people solve difficulties that threaten to make them misfits.

Larry was in a panic as he told me that unless he could get control of himself his whole future would be ruined. He needed help because he couldn't sit down at a table with other people and eat. Every time he tried he became violently nauseated and had to leave.

I had Larry write his whole story, after telling it, so he could think it through more clearly.

The trouble began four years earlier when he had been invited to his girl's home for dinner. Embarrassment made his mouth dry, he gargled, choked and had to leave the table.

Gradually he started telling himself, over and over, how ill he was going to be before every dinner date. By exaggeration he literally made himself sick to the point where he couldn't join the boys for a drink.

It is the tendency of maladjusted people to talk to themselves, predicting dire things that usually never happen, and here is where general semantics, concerned with helping the individual make words correspond to facts, can be a valuable aid.

To help Larry counteract his fuzzy worrying I insisted that he think about such simple, factual things as the tie he would wear, the means of transportation he would use, and exactly what he would say to his hostess.

It took him about three months to learn not to ask himself foolish, fearful questions or give foolish, fearful answers.

Like Larry we all need clear and dependable replies to the questions we ask ourselves. They help us to foresee and prepare for the future, and so to behave intelligently.

But, as semantics emphasizes, we cannot get clear answers to vague questions.

Am I a success? Am I popular? Have I sinned? Does he really love me? These are the general, meaningless type of questions that people in quandaries ask themselves, and that is how they create their quandaries and why they cannot get out of them.

What do you mean by success? People have successes, one right after the other sometimes, and each may be in a relatively small thing. But no one in the world can rightly be labelled a success.

What do you mean by failure? Marie Miller came to me because she thought she was going to be a failure, and she had her idea of failure pretty well defined. She wasn't going to be able to make a speech before members of a graduate seminar; a speech she had to make to get an advanced degree.

The audience would laugh at her; she'd forget what to say; her husband would be ashamed of her. Her family would be mortified and she wouldn't get her degree. Those thoughts actually had kept her from sanely figuring out what she was going to say.

A Psychologist Explains How the New Science, General Semantics, Helps Insecure People Solve Problems That Threaten to Make Them Misfits.



Marie Miller Learned to Conquer Stage Fright by Speaking Directly to One Friend in the Audience While She Forgot the Crowd.

A sane application of semantics helped Marie first to know what she wanted to say, then to look slowly at each member of the audience—all of whom she knew—before she started to talk. When she did start, she talked directly to one person. After all, it was the whole crowd she was scared of, and soon the job was as easy as conversation over the tea-cups.

There are many people like the young school teacher who came to me tense and nervous and asking himself, "Am I losing my mind?" I asked him precisely what he meant by the word "mind." Could he define it well enough to know whether or not he was losing it? He couldn't.

All the teacher knew was that he was having slips of the tongue—frequently saying "forbort agot" instead of "forgot about." I had him keep track, for one week, of the tongue slips he heard other people make. He came back with a sheepish grin and the knowledge that he had been asking himself a meaningless question.

Several girls have come to the Clinic all hunched over and looking awkward, if not completely unattractive, saying, "Oh, what can I do? I'm too tall?"

We simply ask them "Too tall for what?" What is just right so far as

height is concerned? When after a little thinking the girls straighten up they've made the biggest step in their adjustment.

People not only harm themselves by their thoughtless and awkward uses of language, but they also torture each other.

Jane's life was all but ruined when she was a little girl and someone said, officially, that she was feeble-minded. She was sent to an institution, and not until the time when she normally would have graduated from high school was she given a mental test. It was discovered that the girl had normal intelligence and now, after being taught to think and behave like a normal girl, she is working steadily at a job.

It was the official who labelled Jane feeble-minded who didn't know the meaning of words, but it was Jane who paid the price.

The man who made the tragic diagnosis of Jane's dilemma clearly had neglected to ask himself, "Just what do I mean by feeble-minded?"

If you form the habit of using the question, "Just what do I mean?" as a check of your own statements—especially those you make often and with thorough conviction—you doubtless will be amazed at its revolutionary and enlightening effects. If you

don't use this question as a check, you can have a lot of trouble and do a lot of harm.

Take the case of three-year-old Willie as an example.

One evening the little fellow asked his father, "Wh-wh-wh-where's my book, Daddy?" The next day the father happened to meet the family doctor on the street and told him that Willie had begun to "stutter." Without asking the worried parent what he meant by stutter, the physician told him to have Willie take a deep breath before speaking.

Within two days Willie's "deep breath" had become a frantic gasping.

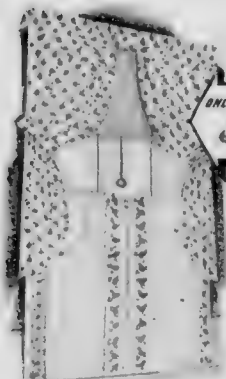
The average child of Willie's age repeats sounds, words, or phrases 45 times per 1,000 words. That is perfectly normal—a continuation of the normal repeating of "da, da, da" that all babies do. Willie's father didn't know that. He thought "stutter" means "wh-wh-where." Treating it as though it were stuttering the father made a normal speech pattern turn into stuttering.

Semantics is a big subject and needs to be studied to be completely understood, but every one of you can apply the knowledge that a great deal of worry and maladjustment is little more than a fruitless effort to answer meaningless questions.

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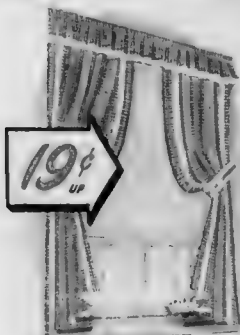
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CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Have a Party in June

WHETHER it's a wedding, a graduation party or Sunday afternoon open house, these recipes of delightful things to eat will win you praise as a hostess. What's more, you'll find these refreshments easy to prepare and fun to serve.

KEEP these recipes handy for a nice party. Serve them with iced milk drinks or a good fruit punch

Chili Ham Pinwheels

1 loaf white bread
Softened butter or fortified margarine
2½ oz. can deviled ham
2 tbsps. chili sauce
Cut the bread in thin slices lengthwise of the loaf. Spread lightly with butter, then with the ham and chili sauce mixed together. Cut off crusts. Firmly roll up each slice from the end like a jelly roll. Wrap in wax paper or dampened cheesecloth and chill. Slice crosswise in ¼" slices. Makes about 3 doz. sandwiches.

Baked Ham With Pineapple Prune Garnish

1 whole ham, 12-14 lbs.
Whole cloves
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup syrup from canned pineapple slices
½ cup strained honey
7 canned pineapple slices
7 large cooked prunes
Watercress or parsley
Cook ham, then remove rind, and score fat with a sharp knife, criss-cross fashion, to form 1" diamonds. Place a whole clove in center of each diamond; then place ham on a trivet in a baking pan. Blend together sugar, pineapple syrup and honey. Pour ½ this mixture over ham, and bake in hot oven of 400° F. for 15 min. Pour over remaining brown sugar mixture, arrange pineapple slices and prunes around ham, and continue to bake until ham is a deep, golden brown. Serve on platter, surrounded by pineapple slices topped with prunes. Garnish with watercress, or parsley. Serves about 36.

Chocolate Crunch Cookies

1 cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup dark-brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, beaten
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. hot water
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
1 cup chopped nuts
2 7-oz. pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
Cream - shortening. Add sugars gradually and cream well. Add beaten eggs and beat well. Sift the flour and salt together and add to the first mixture alternately with the soda, which has been dissolved in the hot water. Add the vanilla. Fold in the nuts and the chocolate. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet,

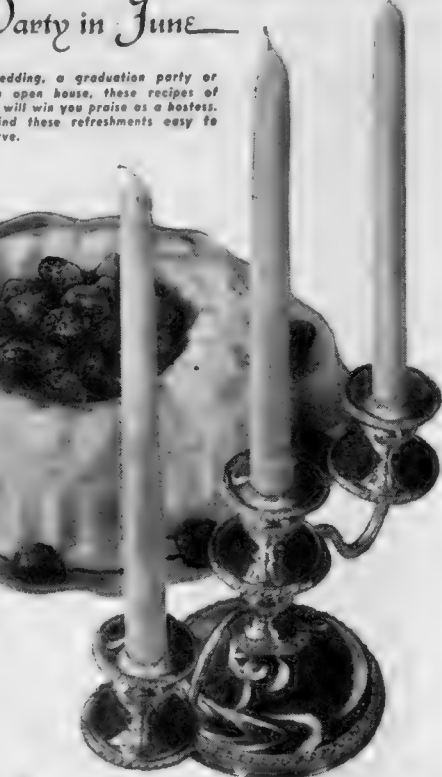
and bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° F. for 10 to 12 min. Makes about 8 doz. cookies.

Lacy Rolls

½ cup molasses
½ cup shortening
1 tsp. ginger
1 cup sifted cake flour
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup granulated sugar
Heat molasses to the boiling point. Add the shortening and stir well. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add slowly to the first mixture, stirring constantly. Drop by ½ teaspoonfuls about 3" to 4" apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. until the cookies are golden brown, (about 8 to 10 min.) Allow to cool slightly, then quickly remove each one with a wide spatula and wrap quickly around the handle of a wooden spoon into a roll. Then remove. Makes about 5 doz. rolls.

Ribbon Sandwiches

2 ½" slices white bread
3 ½" slices whole-wheat bread
Softened butter or fortified margarine
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
2 tbsps. minced parsley
Cream
Spread each of the white-bread slices and two of the whole-wheat slices with but-



Above, Spanish Cream and Strawberry Ring. See Recipe Below.

ter, and then with the cream cheese mixed with the parsley, adding cream to spread, if necessary. Place in stack, alternating the white and whole-wheat slices, with a white slice on top. Top with the unspread whole-wheat slice. Press together firmly, wrap and chill. Slice crosswise in thin slices. Makes about 18 sandwiches.

Eggnog Pie

1¼ cups finely rolled graham crackers
1½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup butter or fortified margarine
1 tsp. water
1½ tbsps. plain gelatin
2 cups milk
1 egg
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ tsp. salt
3 tbsps. brandy
1 tsp. nutmeg
1½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Combine graham crackers and ¼ cup sugar. add gradually to softened butter, stir in water. Then press over bottom and sides of 9" pie plate. Bake in moderate oven of 325° F. for 10 min. Cool well. Meanwhile, soak gelatin in ¼ cup of the milk for 5 min. Scald rest of milk in top of double boiler. Separate eggs; beat yolks slightly; add ¼ cup sugar and salt. Pour scalded milk over them gradually, while stirring. Return to double boiler, and cook, stirring until custard coats spoon. Remove from heat; add gelatin; stir until dissolved. Beat egg whites

stiff, fold into custard, and add brandy and nutmeg. Chill until mixture begins to thicken; then pour into baked crust. Chill until set. Then spread top with whipped cream to which 1 to 2 tbsps. brandy may be added. Makes 19" pie.

Spanish Cream and Strawberry Ring

2 tbsps. plain gelatin
3 cups milk
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ tsp. salt
3 eggs, separated
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
Strawberries
Soak the gelatin in the milk in the top part of a double boiler for 5 min. Then add ¼ cup sugar and the salt, and cook over boiling water, stirring until the gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat, and gradually pour over well-beaten egg yolks, stirring. Return to double boiler, and continue cooking over low heat until mixture coats spoon. Cool, and add vanilla. When thick and syrupy, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, into which remaining sugar has been beaten. Turn into a 1½ qt. ring mold, and chill until set. Serve with strawberries heaped in the center. Pass whipped cream. This serves 6.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for 2AC, and send to: Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 285, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

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| (68) Gaylord Hamper Diet | (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts |
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| (74) Fryer Recipes | (82) Breads and Buns |
| (75) Waffles Tonight | (83) Favorite Soup Recipes |
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| (77) The Fat Kid's Diet | (85) Pickle-the-Ribs Dishes |
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| (80) Good Curry Dishes | (88) Almanac Potato Recipes |
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| (82) Favorite Recipes | (90) Soups and Dressings |
| (83) Almanac Bread & Rolls | (91) Almanac Cookies |
| (92) New Cookies | |

Amy Alden may be addressed to: The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Do you encourage your teen-agers to entertain at home?"

...Our roaming reporter asked folks from coast to coast



MRS. CONSTANCE M. BROOKS, of Boston, Mass. "Yes, I do . . . and they always seem to have a wonderful time! A must, though, is some light refreshment. So, I make sure beverages, crackers and some tasty spreads are ready for them."



MRS. HELEN CROSS, of Washington, D.C. "I most certainly do! They get out the records and really have fun! Afterwards, they help themselves to a snack of crackers and jam or peanut butter with a glass of milk or soda."



MRS. ELIZABETH E. BEALL, of Denver, Colorado. "I think all mothers do . . . Gives me a chance to meet their friends. I help out by buying something simple and refreshing for them to eat. Crackers, jam and a soft drink are always good."



MRS. THEODOSIA B. RIPLEY, of Atlanta, Ga. "Indeed I do! At times they are a little noisy, but I don't mind. They talk, sing, listen to records or the radio, munch on crackers and drink soda . . . having a perfectly grand time."



MRS. KLOM RANDLE, of Wichita, Kansas. "Of course! . . . I get a kick out of having them. And, since these get-togethers aren't always planned ahead of time, I always keep a good supply of crackers and things on hand for them."



Teen-agers
turn to Hi Ho for *finer* flavor

"Br-r-ring!" goes the doorbell, and...whoosh!! the house is filled with fun-loving teenagers. And that, Mother, calls for quick refreshments!

Serve tempting, golden-brown Hi Ho Crackers, soft drinks, and then—let them help themselves. Hi Ho's are so good just plain, or with cheese and spreads . . . so easy to serve, too! Keep Hi Ho Crackers on hand, *always!*



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makes them fresh, sanitary. In addition, Clorox
reduces rubbing, further conserving fabrics. And
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washable surfaces. Excellent on autos!
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLOROX

The Epicure

STUFFED HAM STEAK
By SAMMY KAYE

I THINK that ham is just about my favorite meat because
of the tremendous variety of ways in which it may be
prepared. More than almost any other meat, it changes
personality completely depending on how it is cooked.
Two of my favorite dishes are stuffed ham steak and ham
cakes—both quite simple to make, and with widely diver-
gent flavors.

Stuffed Ham Steak

2 cups soft bread crumbs
1/2 cup large seeded rais-
ins, chopped
1/2 cup walnut meats,
broken
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 cup melted butter
2 large slices smoked
ham cut 1/2-inch thick
Few whole cloves
Combine crumbs, raisins,
nuts, sugar, mustard and
butter to form a stuffing.
Place a second slice of ham
on top. Stick a few whole
cloves into the fat. Sur-
round with the halves of
boiled sweet potatoes. Bake
in a slow oven (300 deg. F.)
for about one hour. If the
ham has been pre-cooked,
reduce the baking time just
enough to heat it through.
Serve with a crisp green
salad.

Because of the odd hours
we in show business keep,
when work is finished—
along about 2:30 or 3 a. m.
—we're pretty hungry. Not
hungry enough to eat a
complete dinner, but hun-
grier than just a "snack."
That's why, for my pur-
pose, ham cakes are an
ideal light dinner.

Ham Cakes

2 cups chopped cooked
ham (leftovers will do
nicely.)
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs



Sammy Kaye, Popular Swing
and Sway Bandleader, Takes
to the Golf Links When-
ever Time and Weather
Permit.

2 eggs
1 tsp. dry mustard
2 tps. minced onion
1/2 tsp. salt
5 tps. shortening
6 slices canned pineapple
Mix ham, bread crumbs,
egg, mustard, onion and
salt. Shape into six patties.
Melt shortening in skillet.
First brown pineapple rings
in the shortening. Remove
pineapple and brown the
ham patties. Place patties
on pineapple rings and
serve at once with hot po-
tato chips. With a few
cups of good strong coffee,
this is an excellent late-
hour meal.

Easy to Use



3875—Make with yoke for play
or with bowed shoulder straps
for party. Sizes 2-10. Size 6,
with yoke, 1 1/2 yards 35-inch
fabric, 3/4 yard contrast.

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little boy shorts and diad-
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yds. 35-inch; skirt, 1 1/2 yards.

3873—A dress for any fabric
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Size 16, 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch.

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STORES
EVERYWHERE

**Every Woman
SHOULD KNOW**



**Mercolized
Wax Cream**

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within
the reach of any woman who goes after
it allied with Mercolized Wax Cream.
This famous Cream contains an active
ingredient used as long as history has
been recorded. It loosens and dissolves
only little chappings and is effective in
helping to make skin firmer—more trans-
lucent. By using regularly dependable
Mercolized Wax Cream a lovely
bleaching action takes place on the skin
surface, and the appearance of dingy,
cloudy pigment is retarded. If your
complexion is possible, don't be satisfied—
seek to make it more radiant, more
attractive and younger looking with
Mercolized Wax Cream. You will like
it. Use only as directed.

The New Saxonite Astringent Cream

is a delightful experience. Surprise awaits
your first trial. Gives more youthful ap-
pearance by temporarily firming, tight-
ening soft skin surface of face and neck.
A powder base you will enjoy.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere



CHIX Cottonized Diaper Liners
are better!

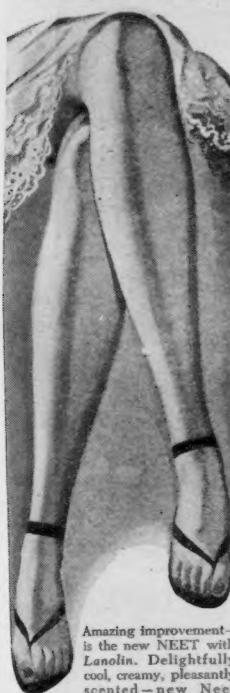
1. Help and diaper soiling and staining.
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and drug stores.
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Read Amy Alden's Household Al-
manac June Party Recipes
in this Issue.

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YEARS YOUNGER



Now, at home, you can quickly and safely brush away gray hair from the face, neck, and scalp. The brush does it—no need for harsh chemicals or painful treatments. Approved by thousands—brushing is guaranteed safe. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with no harmful effects. Added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lather—brush and wash out. Just brush, or comb it in. One application instantly desired. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. The at druggists. Get **SHOW-N-GO** today, or Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE. Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today. **WOMEN'S SERVICE BUREAU, Dept. 210, COVINGTON, MISSISSIPPI.**

Your Graduation Picture



By Sally Young

WHETHER you're Valedictorian or shine out as the favorite cheer leader—graduation is your day, a day you'll never forget. Undoubtedly you'll want a picture of yourself, for your friends and family, as a lasting commemoration of the great day.

Prepare for It
PREPARING for a commencement photograph is an artful business in itself, according to a well-known good grooming expert and leading photographers.

As a sort of preamble to your graduation good looks, don't too much dating, not too many late bull sessions either, beforehand. Lackluster eyes and pallid cheeks may be the unhappy result, and the camera has a way of picking these up, you know. And take it easy on sweets, too, at Junior Teas or other parties in your honor. An unblemished complexion is worth the most tempting tidbits.

Shampoo your tresses a day or two ahead of time so they'll be shiny with highlights, but quite manageable. And don't go haywire on a dazzling new hair style for this picture. Wear your hair in the style most familiar to people who know you.

Be Yourself
YOUR eyebrows are very important in bringing out the expression of your eyes in a portrait. The natural line is always best, but you should pluck any "strays." If brows are inclined to be too light, pencil them—definitely—in short strokes.

Your make-up should impart an even, radiantly tinted glow, an angel-like

velvety texture. Perhaps one of the new powder-cakes, light in consistency, yet able to camouflage minor skin flaws is your best bet. Many photographers ask that your portrait make-up be a shade darker than you wear ordinarily.

You won't need any rouge in facing the camera's professional acuity. Rouge has a tendency to show up in dark blotches.

Concentrate, however, on doing a very precise job on your mouth. A lipstick with a definite blue-red tone will obviate any chances of fading out under lights.

Lip Emphasis
BEGIN by outlining your upper lip carefully, keeping pretty much to the natural contour. Then gently imprint this outline on the lower lip, perfect the line, and fill in with little up-and-down strokes, going with the grain of the skin. Blotting with a tissue is good insurance against smearing; and do be sure to remove any trace of pink on your teeth which might bedevil your smile!

Don't neglect to groom your hands. With white dresses and bouquets a medium shade of nail polish is best.

Keep your ornaments to the chosen few for this picture. Your class ring or pin is a nice touch, to which you can add your favorite strand of pearls, if they suit your neckline.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (8) 1-Day Diet |
| ☐ (9) Loss or Gain by Exercise | |

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Pink
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Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice. Powder Aqua Pink Maize STATE _____
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"Closet Clean-Up" by Doris Denison
in This Issue Tells You What to Do
With the Winter Things You Won't
Be Using During Summer.



Millstream—quietest of waters... dreaming its placid way through a friendly town and a smiling countryside. Like the green pastures that border it—a peaceful and picturesque part of the American Scene Painted by Adolf Dehn



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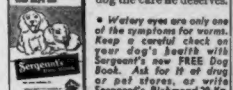
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LENS PHOTOS 35 JAMESVILLE, WIS.

Closet Clean-Up

By Doris Denison

IF YOU haven't already sorted out your closets for summer, this is the last call.

The winter things you don't want to use for the next few months should be carefully tucked away safe from dust and moths.

More Space

IF YOU need more room in which to hang your clothes away (and who ever has enough closet space?), buy a portable closet and set it up in an out-of-the-

for your closet and give the walls a fresh coat of paint or a bright covering of wall-paper. Trim the shelves with matching or contrasting shelf edging.

Accessories

ARE your closet accessories in good condition, and do you have enough of them? You should have an adequate supply of coat, skirt, and dress hangers, as well as shoulder protectors and garment bags. The last two items keep your clothes



way spot. With your heavy winter things out of your every-day closet, there will be no danger of crushing crisp summer dresses.

Moth Prevention

BEFORE hanging away winter woollens, be sure they are clean. Moths select soiled clothing first to feast upon. Brush out all the seams and cuffs and apply your favorite moth preventive. Hang clothes away in airtight paper bags.

If you have light-weight woollens that you wish to keep out for occasional wearing during the summer, air them every few weeks so you won't have trouble with moth damage.

Redecoration

NOW back to your clothes closet. Unless it is unusually large, it should contain only your summer and early fall clothes.

Take them all out and clean the closet thoroughly. To do a really good job, decide on a color scheme

free from dust, and can be bought at any department store, or you can make them yourself. The same is true of hat boxes, shoe bags, laundry bags, and accessory boxes for handkerchiefs, hose and gloves.

Summer Changes

BEFORE putting your summer clothes back in your newly decorated closet, air them well and be sure they are ready to step right into at the first hint of warm weather.

For an extra touch, hang a few freshly scented sachet bags on your clothes hangers. A light, delicate scent is best for summer weather.

Sewing Hints

THE colorful new plaid and flowered plastic materials make up into practical, good looking articles for the closet.

The charts listed below, "Streamline Closets" and "Sew Right" (which has hints on sewing with plastics) will help you if you "sew your own."

Powder Puffs

THE tiny puff in your compact and the big dusting-powder puff on your dressing table can both be washed the minute they get the slightest bit soiled.

To wash a powder puff, shake out as much excess powder as possible. Then soak for about half an hour in lukewarm sudsy water. Remove the puff from the suds bath without squeezing or pressing and swish it through a second bath of clean lukewarm suds. Rinse three or four times in clear

water that is lukewarm. Wrap in a good thick bath towel, blotting the towel against the puff until most of the water has been removed. Let the puff dry spread out on the towel, turning it from time to time.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 151, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care | ☐ (26) Streamline Closets |
| ☐ (22) Easy Laundering | ☐ (27) Make Your Own Bags |
| ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery | ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers |
| ☐ (24) How to Braid a Bag Bag | ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets |
| ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate | ☐ (30) Sew Right |
| ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshade | |

"I got the creeps about the baby today!"



"You know how funny I am about dirt and germs since the baby came? Well..."



"Mother told me today that germs breed in the sink drain—only 2 inches from where I wash baby's food and dishes!" (Survey Molar Laboratories)



"I know, but it seems scrubbing won't drive the filthy things off. Mother says it takes Drano!"



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